RIODICAL ROOM
ERAL LIBRARY
IV. OF MICH.

MAR 8 - 1933

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. V. No. 105 (New Series) **SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1933** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 209
JAPAN MAKES WAR 212
OUR DISMAL CHANCELLOR 213
A LONDON DIARY 214
THE HOUSING PROGRAMME. By R. Coppock . 215
THE POSITIVE ELECTRON. By J. G. Crowther . 216
DIABOLUS EX MACHINA. By Y. Y. 217
PROVOKING! By MacFlecknoe 218
CORRESPONDENCE 218
From Dr. W. A. Robson; H. B. Bryant; Jonathan Griffin; Lord Allen; Francis J. White; Frank Melland; Donald Barber; Joseph Southall; H. G. Wells; Earl Winterton; Mordaunt Shairp; Wyndham Lewis.
LAST WORDS OF LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH (AND OTHERS) 221
THE NEXT OPERA SEASON. By W. J. Turner . 221
THE "ORESTEIA" AT CAMBRIDGE. By Francis Birrell 222
PLAYS AND PICTURES 223
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Mercury Patten . . 224
REVIEWS:
A Gentlemanly Revolution. By Kingsley Martin 225
New Letters of Matthew Arnold. By John Eglinton 226
New Novels. By Raymond Mortimer . . . 226
Intellectual Crime. By Leonard Woolf. . . 227
Afghanistan. 228
Paris Anatomised. By Francis Bickley . . . 228
The Diary of a Cardboard "Ace." By L. E. O. Charlton 230
SHORTER NOTICES 232
ABOUT MOTORING 232
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 234
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 236

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The Postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

SINCE public interest varies inversely with the distance of events, comparatively few people in England yet realise that Japan's invasion of Jehol is comparable in its broad implications with Germany's invasion of Belgium in 1914—the great difference being that we have to-day at Geneva an organisation through which the nations are pledged not to act as their individual self-interest dictates, but as a joint police force whose economic pressure would be, if used unitedly, sufficient to check aggression. Our statesmen, however, have only finally brought themselves to the point of discussing joint action when the difficulties of making it effective are formidable, though perhaps not yet insuperable. At the same time in Europe we are back at a precarious balance of power—a situation in which disarmament, also shamefully postponed, becomes more difficult to carry through as it becomes more important to achieve.

Air Control

The pressure of opinion has at length brought the British Government to propose to the Disarmament Conference the total abolition of all military and naval aircraft, side by side with the international control of civil aviation. On the face of it, this is the most important proposal ever made at Geneva. If we could really get down to air disarmament the rest would be relatively trivial. Unfortunately Lord Londonderry's speech favouring this proposal laid so much stress on exceptions and conditions that foreign critics suggest that the British Government is speaking with its tongue in its cheek. International control of civil aviation is of course an essential corollary to air disarmament; but to demand that it should be so tight that no civil aeroplane could in any circumstances be converted to military purposes would make all progress impossible. The second condition, that military aircraft should be kept for "police purposes," has, apart from other objections, the disadvantage that the British Empire with frontiers all over the world could on this ground demand the right to retain whole squadrons of military aircraft—a proposal scarcely calculated to make an international convention acceptable to other Powers.

The Austrian Arms Scandal

The Austrian arms scandal has been more or less happily cleared up. As a result of the pressure of the British and French Governments, Austria is returning the consignments to Italy, whence they came, instead of passing them to Hungary, for whom they were destined. This zeal for upholding the sanctity of treaties is very salutary, and we only wish Sir John Simon had been as strongly imbued with it in another case. But it has provoked something of a storm in Europe. Not merely

the Austrians, but Italy and Germany have protested against the "brutality" of the Anglo-French attitude. A hard word or two like that will do no one any harm. But behind the words, unfortunately, there is bitter feeling. The whole episode has undoubtedly strengthened the already strong Francophobia in Italy; our part in it, since British friendship is important, is glossed over as much as possible. In addition, the Italians find ground for discontent in the pact for closer unity just concluded by the Little Entente. The pact in itself has much to be said for it, but it has an aspect which obviously makes for uneasiness. To ask why Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Rumania need to draw together is to ask against whom they need to draw together. And the answer is plain enough. The manoeuvrings and the alignments of forces warn us only too eloquently of the dangerous condition of Europe to-day.

Germany's Plight

The election campaign in Germany pursues its sinister course. The Nazis are active in suppressing the meetings of their opponents, and this they can now do with virtual impunity. The press of the Left is subject to a ferocious censorship, and an attempt was made, though it was soon abandoned, to put the same stopper on the *Germania*, the chief newspaper of the Centre. Feeling runs high among the Catholics, and it has been intensified by the insults which Herr Hitler, himself a Catholic, has levelled in public at their party. In Prussia the Government have devised a new method of persecution, in the shape of a plan for controlling admission to the Universities which will result in the exclusion of large numbers of children of Socialists, pacifists and other such enemies of the regime. The tension between the southern States and the Reich Government is acute. Bavaria is preparing to defend itself against assaults on its constitutional liberties, and in particular to resist the restoration of the Hohenzollern monarchy, which, if it is not Hitler's own intention, has been freely canvassed by some of his friends. The prospects of any sort of social peace in Germany are increasingly remote; the odds on civil war have gone up.

Strikes in France

The French like demonstration strikes of an hour's, or a day's, duration. Every now and then the Paris taximen demonstrate in this fashion; and at one time it became quite a habit among the postal workers. A week or two ago the shopkeepers "downed shutters," and last Monday the general body of public servants contributed their turn. Postmen, telephone operators, school teachers, tram and bus men, and a vast army of clerks, all struck work for an hour, or half an hour, or ten minutes, during the course of the day. The demonstration was imposing in a sense; but it caused no trouble to speak of, and it is absurd to depict it as a threat to the Republic. It was actually a protest against the proposal to clap a special contribution in aid of the public finances on the salaries of all State employees. The Finance Committee of the Chamber of Deputies has passed this proposal, subject to exemption of the smallest salaries; but the Senate now proposes to remove the exemption and tax all salaries, however exiguous. The *syndicats* of public employees are prepared, under protest, to accept the Chamber's scheme, but not the Senate's. The Government has now issued threats of disciplinary action against the leaders of the "strike"; but as the strikers have the full support of M. Daladier's Socialist allies, he can hardly press his action without endangering the life of his Ministry, which would not endure a day if the Socialists wished to pull it down. On the other hand, the Socialists by no means wish to oust M. Daladier if they can help it; for they do not want a Government dependent on the Right. So matters are likely to be patched up on the basis of the Chamber's proposals, and France emerges from another strike of State employees with no lesser burden.

Economy on the Unemployed

There are some signs that, in spite of Mr. Chamberlain's speech last week, or perhaps because of the criticism which it has provoked, the Government is getting worried about the effects of indiscriminate "economy." There are rumours of disagreement in the Cabinet over the Housing Bill, which some members want to amend into at least the semblance of a measure designed to promote building instead of stopping it. There are the negotiations over the suspended Cunarder. And there is the project for the rebuilding of Whitehall, now again taken out of the pigeon-holes at the Office of Works, where it has lain since the defeat of Mr. Lansbury's Bill in committee two years ago. These things may not be much, but they are straws to show which way the wind is blowing. There remains, however, within the Cabinet a powerful "sit tight and do nothing" party, in the best Baldwinite tradition; and the present scurryings to and fro of agitated Ministers are very likely to end in nothing, even though Mr. Chamberlain at Edinburgh on Tuesday was not quite the same dare-devil pessimist as Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons last week. Meanwhile economy on the unemployed which led to the appointment of Commissioners in place of local authorities in Chester-le-Street and elsewhere has raised the question whether the Minister who appoints the Commissioners is answerable to the House of Commons for their actions. If not, the Commissioners, who are not locally responsible, are in effect irresponsible autocrats.

Scottish Justice

The attack made the other day by Mr. McGovern and Mr. Buchanan on the Lord Advocate and the Scottish Office raised very grave issues. It was alleged that prominent members of the House of Commons had intervened on behalf of Mr. Gardiner, one of the original defendants in the Scottish "Silks" prosecution; that the case against him was dropped on the production of a mere medical certificate; that the charges against two other defendants were dropped in order to keep the affair "within manageable dimensions"; that the press was asked not to publish the fact that after conviction one of the appellants had been admitted to bail in the unusually low sum of £100; and that the Department presided over by the present Lord Advocate is corrupt. Mr. Maxton, though he did not associate himself with all these accusations, fell foul of the Lord Advocate for discourteous behaviour in the House and for incompetence as a Minister. The Lord Advocate himself was unfortunately absent through illness, and the defence devolved on the Solicitor-

General for Scotland. But he, as he pointed out, could not speak with first-hand knowledge. The matter ought not to rest where it is. Mr. Buchanan has promised to renew his charge of corruption. As soon as the Lord Advocate is back, let him do so, and let him give particulars, so that they may be definitely refuted.

Legalised Wage Rates

Aggravated by the failure of the employers to secure the effective enforcement of the national agreements recently made, the Trade Unions in the cotton industry are now considering the question whether to demand that collective agreements shall be given, in some way, the force of law. This is, of course, an old issue, debated ever since the Royal Commission of 1867 made the report on which the legal status of Trade Unionism is based. It cropped up strongly after the war, when the war-time control of wages was being withdrawn, and when the new Whitley Councils were in many cases disposed to ask for the legalisation of their decisions. Germany, until quite lately, had in effect a system of compulsory arbitration and legally enforceable agreements; but hitherto opinion in the British Trade Union movement has always been strongly hostile. There is, of course, considerable ambiguity about the proposal. Does it mean that rates of wages and conditions of work are to be legally enforceable on both parties, and strikes and lock-outs against the established conditions forbidden? Or does it mean only that certain conditions agreed upon between representative bodies of employers and workers are to become obligatory as minima for the whole trade? There is much to be said for the latter proposal, but little, under British conditions, for the former. Are the textile Trade Unions clear which they are putting forward?

Controversial Broadcasting

Since men like Sir Kingsley Wood, Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. Winston Churchill will never agree about what is "controversial" and what is a statement of "fact," about what is "extreme" and what is "moderate," it is at least satisfactory that we should have reached an agreement to have our differences openly expressed on the wireless and to leave it, for the most part, to the B.B.C. to decide on the topics and the broadcasters. But difficulties do arise, as Sir Stafford Cripps said, about political broadcasting by party politicians. It is inequitable that Ministers should have the opportunity of broadcasting speeches which are in effect attacks on the Opposition and that the Opposition should have no right of reply. More serious in the long run is the problem of the news bulletins. The four telegraphic agencies from whose services the B.B.C. news bulletins are derived, are designed to serve a newspaper press which is now overwhelmingly Conservative and which is not interested in giving a fair show to the Opposition parties. In this the B.B.C. is not in any way to blame; the clear solution is the creation by the B.B.C. of a special news service of its own. It has already taken the first steps towards doing so in foreign affairs; we hope shortly to see this extended to the whole field.

Anti-War Congress in London

Maxim Gorky, Henri Barbusse and Theodore Dreiser are coming to London on March 4th next for a National Congress against war at Bermondsey Town Hall, under the auspices of the British Anti-War Council, 53 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. The Congress is supported by two hundred British authors, including Havelock Ellis, Rose Macaulay, E. M. Delafield, R. H. Mottram and Aldous Huxley. Strong Committees of doctors and clergy will be represented, including Norman Haire, C. W. Saleeby, Rev. Conrad Noel and Rev. A. Belden. There will be substantial delegations from Trade Unions, co-operative guilds, the Society of Friends, political parties, church organisations and peace societies.

Better than Last Year

The British Industries Fair at Olympia and the White City is considerably better as well as larger than it was last year. The general impression produced by the Fair is that British manufacturers have at last made up their minds that the public want modern designs and must be given them. The textiles are extremely well displayed, and the dress materials, tweeds, cottons, artificial silks, are most of them obviously designed by thoroughly competent artists. The carpets, on the other hand, are monstrously ugly; the manufacturers seem to think that in order to be up to date all that is necessary is to substitute geometrical for floral patterns. Most of the furniture is also lamentable in design, though often excellent in workmanship. The lamp-shades are a nightmare, but a variety of good chromium-plated lamps is a welcome sign of enterprise and taste. A lot of the leather goods are respectable, and some of the silver. The new "plastic" industry continues to develop, and what is perhaps most satisfactory of all is a set of cups, plates, and salt and pepper containers made in Beetle for Woolworth's stores. These are really first-rate. Most exhibitors obviously want to meet the requirements of contemporary taste, but are handicapped by ignorance. Is there no method of putting the carpet manufacturers, for instance, in touch with good modern designers? They would certainly not listen to an art-critic, but they might at least consult the decorating departments of shops like Heal and Fortnum and Mason.

A Proposed Housing Study Visit

As a result of our series of articles on Housing several readers, who are interested in the movement for tackling the housing and slum problem on a national scale, have expressed a desire to see for themselves typical examples of the work which needs doing and the work which is being done in slum clearance and town planning. We have, therefore, made provisional arrangements for a day's study visit to (1) a typical slum property in process of clearance, (2) a reconditioning scheme, (3) an L.C.C. building scheme, (4) a large scale example of town planning near London. If a sufficient number of NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers are interested, arrangements can be made to convey them by motor and to procure the services of experts to accompany the party. The cost of the visit, including tea, will be about 5*s*. Readers who are interested should communicate with the Manager of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION at 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2. We should be glad if intending visitors would state whether they prefer a Saturday or a day in the middle of the week. Details will be announced when we know how many readers are interested in the proposal.

JAPAN MAKES WAR

THE war in the Far East has now to all intents and purposes begun. There have been preliminary skirmishes between Japanese and Chinese troops; ultimatums are passing as we write; and the launching of the big offensive in Jehol is only a matter of days—perhaps of hours. The repudiation of the Assembly's report is, of course, a pure formality. Japan has already said *ad nauseam* all she has to say on that. She justifies her past actions in Manchuria, and she is quite explicit about her intentions for the immediate future. Jehol is to be mastered. As in the case of the Three Provinces, so in that of the fourth, specious excuses are offered. We are informed that the Japanese action in Jehol is purely a police measure; it is necessary for the protection of Manchukuo. So it may be; but that does not alter the fact that Jehol belongs to China. The Japanese, however, are not baffled by a trifle of this sort. They simply deny that Jehol belongs to China, and assert that it is an integral part of the "independent State of Manchukuo." And the proof is that in 1928, when Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang accepted the authority of the Chinese National Government, Jehol was joined for administrative convenience with the Manchurian provinces. Nobody, of course, is taken in by this flimsy pretext.

But a great many people are interested in the assurance which the Japanese couple with their excuses. Their only object, they say, is to secure peace and order, and once Jehol is mopped up they will not advance south of the Great Wall—unless the Chinese force them to do so from a strategic point of view. The proviso is, indeed, a handsome one! The Japanese will be free to decide whether the Chinese "force" them to advance on Peking or Tientsin, and they are not likely to be over-nice in exercising that freedom. Each step that they have taken so far since September, 1931, has been imposed on them by the naughty behaviour of these Chinese. Were they not driven to accede to the spontaneous demand of the Manchurians to set up the independent State of Manchukuo? And may they not be driven presently to lend their aid in the foundation of another independent State farther south? That is, at any rate, a possibility to be reckoned with; it is indeed a plan which is openly discussed. The expansionist ambitions of the men who now dominate Japan are no secret, and it would be childish to comfort ourselves with the belief that their limit is marked by the Great Wall. The province of Jehol, as it was put the other day in a London paper which is a frank friend and admirer of Japan, is economically of vital importance to the Japanese. It gives them control of the vast trade in opium and indigo and the soya bean. It is the centre of the unlimited natural wealth in which Manchuria abounds. But this is not all. Jehol is of supreme value strategically as well as economically; its occupation means the domination of Peking itself. The article goes on to argue that there is no one, from the prostrate and panic-stricken United States to distracted Russia, in a position to check the triumphant advance of Japan. Of that we are not so sure. But we are sure the writer is wrong when he concludes that, with the Japanese forces entrenched along the line of the Lan-ho River on the southern boundary of Jehol, there will be an end of the war in the Far East. Against that the odds are a thousand pounds to a brace-button.

No man can foresee where or when this adventure will end. But some pretty safe assumptions can be made about what will happen as it develops. There will be no permanent victory of Japan over China. The Chinese have an infinite power of resistance. Their armies may be beaten in the passes of Jehol, but there are more behind. If they have nothing left that looks like an army, they have an inexhaustible supply of what the Japanese are pleased to call "bandits." And they have a civil population capable of using indefinitely and over an immense area the weapon of the boycott. In such a protracted struggle, what are the prospects of international trade? What even will be the guarantees of life and property in the foreign settlements? Are the Western Powers prepared to watch the dwindling and ultimate ruin of their interests in the Far East? Are they prepared for the risk—no remote risk—of finding themselves suddenly drawn into hostilities through some accident or "incident"? And have they thought seriously of the consequences of a clash between Japan and Soviet Russia—a clash for which the Russians, we are certain, have no desire, but which the Japanese might easily provoke? It is not necessary to carry the tale farther afield, to discuss the reactions of the war on European and American politics and European and American armaments. It must be plain to anyone who reflects for five minutes that the little plan of tidying up Jehol promises to become the bedevilment of the world.

For a year and a half we and others who foresaw this trouble have been urging the League of Nations to do what it was established to do. Its leading statesmen argued, hesitated and shuffled for many precious months, and have only reluctantly, and when it is perhaps too late, brought themselves to accept the challenge thrust in their teeth. And now they are faced with the question of what, if anything, they can do to stop the Japanese advance. One alternative is to do nothing, and there is a multitude of counsellors advising that, either from partiality for the Japanese or fear of them. But this at best would only mean postponing the day of reckoning, and making the settlement of the dispute more and not less difficult. At worst—and what, as we have said, is far more probable—it would mean a series of appalling disasters. The other alternative is for the League, in concert with the United States and Russia, to take what action it can to prevent the extension of the war. It is not to be expected, in present circumstances, that the signatories of the Covenant will honour their signature to the full. That would require them immediately to subject Japan "to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking State." Such an out-and-out application of sanctions may be advocated by zealots for the law, and it may be demanded by the unfortunate Chinese. But it can be refused, without undue cynicism, on the ground that it would be likely to do more harm than good.

Nevertheless, if all sanctions cannot be applied, some can and ought to be. At an earlier stage the withdrawal of ambassadors from Tokio might have had a considerable effect; but now that things have gone so far its advantages are more doubtful. There remains then an embargo

on arms and a refusal of any financial assistance to Japan. That we, and every other Power, should forbid the supply of arms to a State for the purpose of carrying on a war that we have solemnly stigmatised as a war of aggression—this is surely only common sense and common decency, and it is, moreover, favoured by the United States. But the matter is not so simple as it looks. In common decency also we ought not to deny China the weapons to resist the aggression. Common sense, on the other hand, reminds us that the Japanese navy will be there to prevent China from getting the arms, and that (leaving aside the general complications which might result from such gun-running) the Japanese and not the Chinese armies might well be the chief beneficiaries. Here is a conflict of principle and expediency, and it will be settled either by an embargo being put on the exportation of arms to both belligerents, or, as we fear is much more probable, by no embargo at all and a fine harvest for the armament firms of Great Britain and other loyal members of the League of Nations. The other form of pressure is more promising. The big money powers of Europe and the U.S.A. can, if they choose, put a heavy check on Japan. Her finances are already strained, and without substantial assistance from abroad she cannot be equal to carrying on a long and costly war. French opinion, as we gather from the *Temps*, is in favour of cutting off that assistance; British and American opinion ought to be without hesitation on the same side. "Money talks," they say; here is an occasion for it to talk quickly and loud.

OUR DISMAL CHANCELLOR

MR. Neville Chamberlain is habitually dismal, and he is never happier than when he is explaining how right he is in supposing that all the projected remedies are worse than the disease. Presumably he enjoyed himself in his own way when he addressed the House of Commons last week in reply to the Labour motion of censure. But it can be said with even more confidence that his satisfaction was not shared by a good many of the Government's own supporters. For the Chancellor of the Exchequer poured cold water on every hope that this country will do anything to ease its burdens. He bade us look forward to at least ten years of severe unemployment; and he even said that in face of the displacement of labour which was going on in every industry throughout the world there was bound to be a period of transition during which unemployment would be largely increased.

There is much to be said in support of this doleful thesis. But the question is what, if it is a true statement of the forces we have to contend with, we can do to correct or mitigate its consequences. Mr. Chamberlain's object was to show that, whatever ought to be done, the State certainly ought not to take any action designed to provide work. He did not rule out absolutely all forms of State-aided capital expenditure. He graciously admitted that here and there it might be worth while to finish a road already begun, or rebuild a hopelessly obsolete bridge. He even admitted that the Post Office might be induced to let us have a few more telephones, if we were prepared to pay for them, though he seemed somewhat astonished at his own generosity as he said it. But in general he gave us all to understand that, as long as he remained at the Exchequer, the policy of public parsimony would continue to be rigidly and ruthlessly pursued.

The Prime Minister, less happy than his colleague as he put on the black cap and pronounced sentence on our hopes, tried to ride off on a distinction between relief work and productive employment, and by this method to explain away his Bethnal Green letter, on the pretence that the Government's critics were urging it not to useful expenditure but to unproductive relief. Yet it has been made clear over and over again that this is not the case; and Mr. Chamberlain took refuge in no such weak evasions. He is as strongly against State-aided housing or school-building, or a resumption of the normal rate of development in local services, as he is against digging holes in order to fill them up again. In short, he is against spending, whether it be for productive objects or not; and he is convinced, no doubt in all honesty, that the long road to recovery runs through years of retrenchment and unhappiness devoted to the restoration of that magic thing, the confidence of the business world. Mr. Chamberlain worships a balanced Budget in the spirit of an orthodox banker dealing with a defaulting country in Eastern Europe. He rejoices at a fall in imports, and a nearer approach to a balance of visible trade, even if it is to be purchased by a fall in consumption and employment and accompanied by a fall in exports. He admits the necessity of raising prices, but apparently hopes to achieve it by a further restriction of imports, though such a policy, whatever it may accomplish here, is far more calculated to lower than to raise world prices—and it is world prices that must be raised if prosperity is to be restored.

So it comes to this. We are to go on economising, and to anticipate a prolonged continuance of unemployment at a high level. If Mr. Chamberlain's ban fell only on expenditure that was not really needed or remunerative, we should admit the strength of the case; for under the present conditions of world trade it would be quite beyond the power of any Government to find work for all the unemployed. Employing people is bound to be a costly business, if it is to be assumed that the value of the work they do is nothing. We cannot accept £500 as a fair figure of the cost of employing a man for a year, even on this basis; but it is probably true that a gross expenditure of a million pounds will not on the average find work for more than 4,000 men. At this rate, it is obviously out of the question for the public authorities to find work for all or even a larger proportion of the unemployed.

But who ever suggested that they should, or need? What is suggested is that there is a great deal of urgently necessary work wanting to be done, and that this work will not be done under present conditions without State action, and is at present being deliberately checked by State action in at least two ways—first and most obviously, by the enforced cutting down of expenditure by the local authorities, and secondly by the tight hold which has been kept by the Treasury over the capital market in order to force down interest rates. Moreover, the failure to do this work and the consequent accumulation of idle balances in the banks (in which incidentally Mr. Chamberlain seemed to take a mysterious pride) are inflicting unnecessary losses on industry, and damping down production still further.

We are not asking Mr. Chamberlain for useless relief works. We are asking him in the first place to use the opportunity created by low costs and cheap money to get built, in addition to whatever private enterprise may be able to supply, cheap houses for letting to the poorer type of working-class tenants, and to push on with this policy to the extent needed, in conjunction with the other measures proposed, to absorb all the available building labour. We are asking him to remove the ban on school building, and to allow the Hadow scheme for the reorganisation of the public system of education to be carried through. We are asking for the removal of the ban on normal capital expenditure by local authorities, and for some State aid in important and desirable schemes, like the Humber Bridge scheme just abandoned on the withdrawal of national support. We are asking for serious consideration of major projects, such as the Severn Barrage and the electrification of the main-line railways, or the development of oil from coal, or the reconstruction of obsolete iron and steel plants,

or the establishment of a sound marketing organisation for the Lancashire cotton trade. We are concerned, in these and similar projects, far less with the amount of employment directly provided than with the finding of productive outlets for the available supply of capital and the need for giving a stimulus to general economic recovery.

We admit at once that Mr. Chamberlain's task is difficult, and that nothing within the Government's power will cure unemployment or enable Great Britain to escape from the consequences of the world's distress. But the impossibility of doing everything is no good reason for doing nothing. For doing a good deal the men and the money are both there; and the need is there for the things that can be done with their aid. There is every reason to believe that the things we have mentioned at the least include many which are good long-run investments, which do not appeal to private enterprise because private capitalists are not, in their present mood, disposed to take long-run risks. Nor is there less reason to hold that a moderate dose of public spending, by way of capital investment, would put the public far more in a mood to invest directly for itself. Whereas it is only too clear that, if we follow Mr. Chamberlain's prescription, the best we can hope for is a continuance of stagnation at home, at least until the nations of the world come together in a constructive and united effort to end the depression. But what hope have we of their doing this soon, or indeed of their doing it at all, as long as each of them individually pursues a policy directly contrary to the policy which it is calling on the others to follow? Our parsimony makes things worse for every other country, just as their parsimony makes things worse for us. Yet we, who are best placed for giving a lead, needs must wait for others to pull our chestnuts out of the fire, because Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. MacDonald are so obsessed with "economy" that they can make no distinction between miserly hoarding and indiscriminate prodigality.

What can shake them from this dismal complacency? Not a Labour vote of censure, as long as their own supporters are behind them. But this is no longer the case. The most interesting fact revealed by last week's debates is that hardly anyone outside official and banking circles is prepared to uphold Mr. Chamberlain's case. Public opinion is already converted; the only question is how long it will take to convert, or to overturn, the Government.

A LONDON DIARY

"TRUTH," said Mr. Justice McCardie in his Galton Lecture addressed to the Eugenics Society last week, "is greater than false modesty," and he proceeded in measured but unshrinking terms to tell the truth about our divorce laws, to deal with the "repulsive activities" of the King's Proctor, the evils of inherited defect, and the subjects of birth control and the sterilisation of the unfit, and to urge the amendment of the abortion laws. As I was a guest on this occasion I looked with some interest at the papers next morning to see how his speech was reported. Truth had not had a chance against false modesty. The *Times* referred only to his remarks on divorce reform and summarised them in an obscure corner; several big circulation papers splashed his remarks about the King's Proctor; one or two also made a bare reference to the fact that he had discussed birth control and sterilisation. None, as far as I was able to see, so far conquered false modesty as to mention the word abortion. The public, one supposes, is considered too squeamish to read the remarks of one of His Majesty's judges speaking with the authority of forty years' experience of the unnecessary suffering he has himself seen inflicted by the law as it stands to-day.

* * *

It is, of course, only a question of time before abortion and sterilisation are as freely discussed as birth control now is—and birth control has only just ceased to be taboo. They both urgently need discussing, if only because without discussion the Eugenists are quite sure that their views are right and no one else can judge whether they are right or not. I know of no way of overcoming the current false modesty except to take as little notice of it as possible. People gradually become used to words which are at first deeply shocking. Once they are accustomed to the words, thought about the subjects themselves becomes possible. If only for that reason I'm glad to see that the various bodies which advocate different reforms of our sex laws are now united in the Federation of Progressive Societies and that "Sex and Common Sense" is the subject of their meeting at the Memorial Hall next Thursday. One of the speakers is Dr. Helena Wright, whose book *What is Sex?* (Noel Douglas, 5*s*.) is a thoroughly sensible little work which ought to be used as a text book in all schools—until some one writes an even better one.

* * *

Fleet Street is full of good journalists whom no one has ever heard of, and in days when the transference of a feature writer from one popular paper to another may be as loudly heralded as the transference of a football star little attention is aroused by the death of a man like Francis Perrot of the *Manchester Guardian*. Yet we have had few finer journalists than Perrot. Readers of the *Nation* will remember him as "Kappa." His work was almost entirely anonymous; his paragraphs in the London Correspondence in the *Manchester Guardian* and his accounts of national events—notably his philosophic descriptions of Armistice Day celebrations—were read with delight by thousands of discriminating persons who had never heard of him. The most reserved of men, he would have been the last to complain of anonymity. Much of his spare time was spent in reading English and Greek literature. C. P. Scott, who had always an eye for unusual quality, told me that he was first interested in Perrot by hearing of him as a journalist who carried a copy of Aeschylus in his pocket when climbing mountains in Switzerland. Perrot was the sort of man whom one is lucky to know and luckier still to know intimately.

* * *

The *Daily Telegraph* describes the way in which "an exclusive West-end house" belonging to one of our leading Society hostesses ("a hostess on many occasions to the Royal Family") is being transformed one day this week "into a miniature railway station" for what "will be perhaps the most spectacular make-believe party ever staged even in Mayfair. All the station noises, including whistling and shunting, will be reproduced into the lofty ivory and gold ballroom; there will be a real ticket collector in real uniform, whose first experience it will be of a Mayfair party." He will punch the tickets of the titled guests—the long list looks well in a gossip column—and they will be shown into a room got up to look just like a station waiting-room—even down to the ash-trays. "Even the waiters are being lent by the railways to ensure the right 'atmosphere.'" As I read this account I was irresistibly reminded of certain fêtes which occurred at Trianon in the time of Marie Antoinette. Do you remember the real cows and the real milkmaids and all the other efforts of the *ancien régime* aristocracy to make believe that their life was real? But that was of course a long time ago—a few years before the French Revolution.

* * *

May I suggest the desirability of licensing the largest cinema in London for the weddings of important public figures like Miss Beaton and Miss Whigham? The churches are far too small; moreover, their old-fashioned seating arrangements oblige the public to stand on the pews, and even then the view they enjoy is most unsatisfactory. The anxious crowds who can find no place in St. Margaret's or the Oratory hold up the traffic, and yet obtain only a fleeting glimpse of the harnessed bridesmaids and the modest brides. A small charge for the benefit of charity could be made at the door, and as even so there would probably not be room for all the spectators an appeal might be made to the protagonists to go through the ceremony twice or three times. I am sure

they would be only too glad to oblige. Sweet are the uses of advertisement, but publicity is wasted when a large proportion of the clientele is disappointed.

* * *

At a Tote Club appeal at the London Sessions counsel, according to a newspaper report, pointed out that

the object of the club was to provide premises for social intercourse among persons interested in literature, music, drama, scientific and literary professions, sports, racing, athletics and commerce.

* * *

What everyone knows.

Every one knows that the Outer Mongolians, whose capital is Urga, are closely associated with the continuing Russian share of the challenge, and from them may be coming part of the Bolshevist influence now active in Kansu.—*Times*, February 20th.

* * *

American Democrats would like nothing better than to entangle England in some kind of engagement *to oppose Japan in her work of civilisation.—A.A.B. in the Evening Standard.*

* * *

Japan fears New World War.—*Morning Post* placard.

* * *

Adam Smith was the first great political economist. Since his day there have been only two others, Karl Marx and Major Douglas.—The *New English Weekly.*

* * *

Mrs. ——, wife of the Rector of ——, said there was nothing whatever which differentiated women from men except sex.—Daily paper. CRITIC

THE HOUSING PROGRAMME

[*This week Mr. R. Coppock, General Secretary of the National Federation of Building Trades Operatives, follows Sir Ernest Simon, Mr. Keynes, and Sir Raymond Unwin in attacking the Government's present housing proposals, and urging the need for a national effort. He puts forward his own views or a National Development Board. Mr. Sprague, Economic Adviser to the Bank of England, will write next week.*—ED., N. S. & N.]

NEVER in the political history of our country has the fear of consequences been so exploited by any Government in an endeavour to reduce the standard of living of the nation as by the one now in office at Westminster. And behind this fear-complex there is being put through the most reactionary legislation of modern times—cuts in the social services by way of the Means Test, special legislation for women insured under the National Health Insurance Acts, reduction of our educational standards, the new Rents Restriction Bill, etc., and, finally, the Housing (Financial Provisions) Bill, which has been termed by Sir E. D. Simon the "Anti-housing Bill" and which is the culminating point of a series of drastic administrative actions of the Minister of Health. No Minister has ever by his actions created so much poverty and distress as the present occupant of this high office of State.

The present position of the building industry, with its colossal figures of unemployment, can be traced to the administrative acts of the Ministry of Health. The issue of the now infamous circular to local authorities in September 1931 was responsible for the holding up or abandonment of building work to the value of £75 million, which I stated at the time to the Minister would paralyse the industry and force thousands of workers in the building industry and public works on to the unemployment funds of the nation. The circular created the fear-complex throughout the local authorities, and the consequences were clearly dealt with by Mr. Keynes in his article in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

It is not generally known that the Minister of Health and the Chancellor of the Exchequer also prevented the building of houses for rural workers under the Rural Housing Act of 1931. It will be remembered that that Act provided for the building of 40,000 cottages for rural workers, and special moneys were earmarked for the purpose of assisting the rural district councils to let these houses at 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* per week, inclusive of rates. The sum earmarked by the Ministry was £2,000,000. Applications were received in accordance with the Act for special assistance to build from seven to eight thousand houses, but finally the Minister informed the Committee appointed for the administration of the Act that the Treasury would not finance more than two thousand houses. Efforts were then made to evade the special payments prescribed by the Act, and at this moment less than one thousand houses have been built. The plans have been so whittled down and the amenities so simplified (in fact, there is little but the four brick walls built) that by administrative control and interference not one penny of the special sum earmarked has been expended. This is termed administrative economy and has been done at the dictation of the Ministry. Whilst it is true that houses have been erected, they are of the meanest character.

It was said by the promoters of the Act that it would find houses for 40,000 agricultural workers and their families, and also employment for 100,000 building trade workers, but by administrative action the families are not housed and the greater proportion of the hundred thousand builders are unemployed and still registering at the Employment Exchanges or are in receipt of Poor Law relief. So much for administrative economies.

The present Housing Bill before the House is not a progressive measure at all. It is in truth a repealing Act, but so artfully has it been drawn up that the nation is again discussing housing as though the Bill were the last and final act required to provide houses for the poor and badly paid industrial worker. The Bill guarantees nothing at all so far as houses are concerned, but provides only that building societies which are prepared to loan money for house-building purposes to speculative builders or groups of builders or financiers shall, in the event of the mortgagee being unable to meet the repayments of interest and sinking fund, be recouped by the State and municipal bodies who will stand as guarantors for the interest charges to an extent not exceeding 20 per cent. of the sum advanced. The Minister stated recently in the House that the Government had entered into a treaty with the building societies for the solution of the housing problem. I have read and re-read the Bill to find the treaty, but have failed. There are no compulsory powers to make building societies lend money; whatever they do will be done on their own volition, for they can please themselves as to whom they will or will not lend money.

Recently, Sir Enoch Hill, the doyen of the building society movement, stated that one million new houses were required, and he went on to suggest dynamite being used to demolish the festering slums and proceeded to show what the building societies were proposing. To build the million houses suggested by Sir Enoch Hill at, say, £300 per house, would cost £300 million, and if the building societies were to lend the moneys required without State and municipal guarantees of, say, 70 per cent. of cost, the outlay of capital would be £210 million; and for the further sum of 20 per cent. guaranteed by the Housing (Financial Provisions) Bill, a further amount of £60 million is involved, making the colossal total of £270 million to be advanced by the building societies—an amount which all the societies combined could not raise unless they realised upon their present assets. And it is obvious that immediately they start doing that their present stability and standing would go, the confidence of the public would wane, thousands of depositors would be ruined, and a crisis of this character would undoubtedly shatter the nation's trust in the societies.

Building societies are not philanthropic organisations and charity does not enter into their business transactions, as can be seen in a review of their interest charges affecting investors, shareholders and borrowers. The interest paid to depositors averages about 3½ per cent.; dividends to shareholders average about 4½ per cent.; interest charged to borrowers is about 5½ per cent. So it will be observed that the statement in the *Times* recently that building societies will charge only

3 per cent. on money lent for building houses under the present Bill, if correct, spells bankruptcy for these heretofore thrift societies. Those better able to form an opinion believe that the interest necessary to be charged on money advanced for this purpose is 4 per cent. to 4½ per cent. if the societies desire to keep "an even keel."

This should prove to the public that the task of finding employment for two hundred thousand unemployed building workers *via* the facilities of the new housing legislation is insuperable, and the argument in favour of such a task fallacious. For the advocates to say that this new legislation will solve the problem of the cheap house is a gross betrayal of the people who require decent houses.

The nation is being hoaxed by the politicians, who know full well that their glowing accounts are totally unfounded. The public, which has but a superficial knowledge of housing finance, does not understand the position, but accepts all the statements in good faith—to be disillusioned later on.

I agree with Sir Raymond Unwin that this question can be dealt with only on planned lines. I would advocate the establishment of a National Development Board, representative of the building industry, local authorities and the State. The Board would be nationally financed by means of direct taxation with no interest charges, and repayment would be made to the Board in the form of rents to enable it to undertake further building. I would give the Board powers under the Housing Acts, Town-planning Act, Public Health Acts and—for road-making powers—the Road Traffic Act. Decentralisation would be operated through county committees; each year the Board would budget for housing developments and slum clearance. The plan should be operated to produce a million houses in four years and the money required would amount to approximately £350 million. This figure may stagger the uninformed, but when we remember that in these times of peace we spend some £600 million annually for past and future wars, the sum mentioned for housing purposes is not so very much after all. Reduce the budget for war purposes by £87½ million a year for four years, which alone will make an effective contribution to the cause of peace in a world suffering from fear and suspicion, and the money so devoted to housing will also set in motion vital spending power which is the first essential for reducing the unemployment now in our midst.

R. COPPOCK

THE POSITIVE ELECTRON

MR. P. M. S. BLACKETT has announced the discovery by himself and Mr. G. Occhialini of strong evidence for the existence of a new fundamental unit of electricity. Their researches show that a positive electron probably exists. Everyone has heard of the ordinary electrons, which are very small units or particles of negative electricity. They were first discovered in 1897 by Thomson, Wiechert and Kaufmann, and the study of these negative electrons led to the present conceptions of the structure of matter and atoms, and to the invention of the radio valve and many other pieces of apparatus which have had a remarkable influence on modern life. The discovery of a unit of positive electricity came much later and less abruptly. By about 1910 the researches of Lord Rutherford showed that the nucleus of the hydrogen atom consisted of a unit particle of positive electricity. He named this positive particle the proton.

Presently it became clear that all the matter in the universe could be described as a complicated construction of these two sorts of electrical particle, that these were the electrical bricks out of which all materials were made. This was a marvellous simplification of the physical picture of the matter of the universe. The reduction of all matter to two fundamental electrical constituents was an astonishing and beautiful achievement. But it was not entirely beautiful. The existence of two fundamental sorts of stuff seemed a slight blemish. Could not the material of the universe be reduced to convolutions in merely one sort of stuff? Could it be described in terms of one sort of particle only?

The genius of physics hankered after this Pythagorean ideal. Four years ago Professor Dirac of Cambridge published a famous paper in which he attempted to show that protons could indeed be reduced to an aspect of the ordinary electrons. He attempted to conceive protons as holes in the universe, places where electrons were absent. He showed by calculations in the quantum mechanics that such holes would exhibit some of the properties of particles of positive electricity, and gave a very helpful illustration of his idea. Everyone knows that atoms are built up of electrons and protons. Sometimes some of the electrons may be temporarily missing, so that the atoms have holes in them. When such an atom moves it naturally carries its hole with it, and the hole as it moves through space with the atom exhibits some of the properties of a moving particle of positive electricity. Thus a particle of positive electricity may be conceived as a moving absence of negative electricity. There was a serious difficulty in Professor Dirac's calculations. They showed that a moving hole must behave as if it had the same mass as an electron. Now the proton is nearly two thousand times heavier than a negative electron, so the protons could not be these holes. Dirac's research seemed to have failed, but its peculiar quality left the impression that there must be something in it somehow. No one had the courage to say that it was right, and that particles of positive electricity of the same mass as the ordinary electron and two thousand times lighter than the proton existed. Such a prediction would have equalled in brilliance Clerk Maxwell's assertion of the existence of radio waves, which was deduced by mathematics years before it was proved experimentally. Evidence for the existence of positive electrons soon came from another quarter; not from the study table but from the cosmic rays. The cosmic rays have enormous energy and can penetrate steel barriers many feet thick. Whether they originate on the earth or in outer space or in the sun or stars is not yet certain, but their enormous energy is certain because of their penetrative power. Wherever they come from it is becoming pretty certain that the cosmic rays consist of very swift particles, and the tracks or effects of exceedingly swift particles might reasonably be attributed to them. Skobelzyn of Leningrad, was the first to detect the existence of particles moving in the air much more swiftly than the swiftest particles ejected from radium. He used the apparatus invented by C. T. R. Wilson, which causes such a particle to leave a little trail of cloud in its track. Other investigators began to study the appearance of super-swift particles by this method, and particularly interesting results have been obtained by C. D. Anderson of Pasadena, and Kunze of Rostock. These investigators arranged a camera to take photographs continually of the air in a Wilson chamber. About one out of every fifty photographs revealed the track of one of these super-swift particles, which might be cosmic rays themselves, or other particles set in motion by the cosmic rays. Anderson submitted these swift particles to a powerful magnetic field. In some cases he found that the tracks were in quality characteristic of the track of a negative electron, but bent in the opposite direction. In September, 1932, he published a short letter, without the photographs, describing these cases, and suggested that they might be due to particles of about the same mass as an electron but opposite in charge—that is, they might be due to positive electrons.

Meanwhile, Mr. Blackett had invented an improved apparatus for photographing the effects of cosmic rays. He ingeniously arranged for the cosmic rays to photograph themselves as their effects. In his apparatus a photograph is taken only when a cosmic ray goes through it; instead of having forty-nine blank photographs out of fifty, he has significant photographs only. This brilliantly executed apparatus has worked even better than could have been foreseen, which is often the reward of first-class work. In practice it seems to concentrate on photographing only things of interest. It is quite compact, about a yard-cube in size, and automatic. The experimenter

sits by it and twiddles his thumbs, and about once every two minutes it goes off, and photographs the effects of the cosmic ray which has just penetrated it. One may sit in the room and watch this apparatus trapping these rays coming perhaps from the stars. Mr. Blackett has secured five hundred photographs so far. Some of these reveal the tracks of particles moving with an energy of 500,000,000 volts. Some exhibit atomic explosions, in which atoms appear to have been struck into twenty or thirty bits by an impinging cosmic ray. These showers of atomic bits, radiating like meteors from a point source, may be submitted to a powerful magnetic field. Blackett finds that some of the bits are bent in one direction and are in every way characteristic of negative electrons, while other bits show tracks exactly similar except that they are bent in the opposite direction. He has many and various examples of these, and they indicate that a particle of positive electricity exists, much lighter than the proton and of about the same mass as the negative electron.

According to Dirac's theory the life of the hole which is a positive electron is about one thousand millionth of a second. At the end of that short interval a negative electron jumps into the hole and two quanta of light are radiated. So the positive electron exists only just long enough to be detected, and then only in atomic explosions. It is ejected from the exploded atom so swiftly that it can travel about one yard before it dies, and Mr. Blackett has succeeded in photographing several on their swift and short journey to the grave.

J. G. CROWTHER

DIABOLUS EX MACHINA

MAN is undoubtedly the laziest of the animals. No other animal has devoted so much labour to the discovery of means of saving labour. Too indolent to walk, he tamed the horse, the camel and even the elephant to carry him from place to place. Resentful of the necessity of carrying burdens, he impressed animal after animal into his service as drudges, not sparing even the dog and the goat. He was the only living creature in Eden doomed by a curse to a perpetuity of toil, and he set himself soon after to transfer the curse to the shoulders of his sinless fellow-creatures. Every other animal toiled for its living in the sweat of its brow, never dreaming that there was any alternative, but man was always thinking of an alternative. No sooner had he discovered how to increase the supply of food by cultivating the ground than he began to wish that he had never invented so laborious an instrument as the spade. Surely there must be some way of avoiding some of this convict-work of digging? In a rapture of ergophobia he dreamed of a plough by means of which a horse or an ox could turn up the reluctant soil under his orders.

And so the lazy process of invention has continued throughout the ages. In order to avoid the trouble of swimming, man invented a boat, and then, in order to avoid the trouble of rowing, he invented a sail, and then, in order to avoid the trouble of sailing, he invented steam. The same story is repeated in almost all his activities. In his quest of food he invented weapons that saved him an enormous amount of labour by enabling him to kill animals at a distance—first the arrow and finally the gun. At his meals he shrank from the thought of overtaxing his digestive organs with raw meats and fruits, with the result that he discovered the uses of fire in cookery. At a later period he bethought himself what a fool he was to expend so much labour on gathering sticks, raking out fireplaces, and constructing a new fire every day with turf or coal, and he invented the gas-stove which calls for no more effort than is involved in striking a match and turning a tap. Even at his prayers he was an idler, as was seen when he constructed a prayer-wheel to save him the trouble of praying. Having learned to write, and egotistically wishing the rest of the world to read what he had written, he was nevertheless unwilling to spend laborious days and nights making copies of manuscripts, and as a result the invention of printing was born. Nowhere, indeed, is the unconquerable sloth of man more apparent than in his attitude to writing. The fountain-pen is a proof that he is too lazy even to dip a pen into an inkpot if the effort can be avoided. The typewriter and the dictaphone are both labour-saving devices that could have been thought of only by physical and intellectual sluggards. Why, the indolence of man has reached such a pitch that the thought of sharpening a pencil with a penknife appals him, and he has now a mechanical device which spares him this terrific output of energy.

It is no wonder that there have always been good and simple people who have protested against new inventions and even suspected that inventors were in league with the devil. They have been called reactionaries, and the abusive epithet has always in the end defeated them; but may it not be that a chapter of Genesis has been lost, which told how it was the Serpent who communicated to our first parents the secret of invention? I have myself an open mind on the matter, but even thoughtful men appear nowadays to be wondering whether man is altogether to be congratulated on an inventiveness which originally sprang from the immoral seed of his indolence. Now, for the first time in history, we see a labour-saving civilisation in full swing. The early inventions of mankind were little more than blind gropings after ways of avoiding work. In the field the plough-horse seemed to be doing nine-tenths of the work, but the ploughman had a full day's occupation in walking after it. Within living memory, again, the corn was often cut with a scythe, and bound into sheaves by human hands, and countrymen still lived to some extent in the age of Ruth. To-day all is machinery. A mechanical plough, reaping and binding machines, and threshing machines, brought into the cornfields, perform work that was once done by slow-moving men and women, and perform it at a speed like that of the offices of a good fairy in a nursery-tale. Men have discovered to their alarm that as a result of their efforts to abolish work they cannot now find work when they want it. The machine, it has been found, can do too much—at least, under the present organisation of society. It has removed drudgery but it has also removed our means of making a living. We have made extraordinarily efficient machines, but we have not yet learned how to make efficient use of them. By a curious paradox, machines are at once marvellous instruments for producing wealth and equally marvellous instruments for producing poverty.

I doubt, however, whether anything can be done to put a stop to the flow of inventiveness. Machines have become the toys of the modern world, and most of us love them as the poets of an earlier world loved birds and flowers. The thundering cataract moved the youthful Wordsworth deeply: the modern boy finds his heart stirred by the sight of a powerful railway engine. Even elderly men to-day call one's attention to the graceful lines of a motor car as their fathers would have called one's attention to the graceful lines of a well-bred horse. I, the least mechanical of human beings, could once have stood for an hour watching even a sewing-machine at work. How lovely a thing is a shuttle! How charming to follow the labours of the swift and unerring needle! On the farm, the machine was scarcely less delightful than the field. What child could have dragged himself away from the shed in which the withered flax was scutched with ruthless, shining blades that were moved by no human hand? Pleasant though it was to see a woman slowly turning milk into butter with a long pole in her hand, it was no less pleasant to stand in a dairy and see the milk flogged into butter by horse-driven machinery. As a rule, I hated new machines, but the machines that already existed when I was a boy I regarded as a part—and one of the most enchanting parts—of nature. All machines end by seeming a part of nature. The railway-train had not been invented long when it was seen to fit into the landscape, and the steamer leaving harbour became a portion of the beauty of the sea. It is difficult not to hate machinery when one sees the old fleets of fishing smacks with their sails being

transformed into mobs of petrol-driven hulks; but even petrol has not destroyed the beauty of the fishing-fleet when it rides in the bay on a stormy night with all its lights dancing.

I can honestly say that I have never visited a factory without obtaining far more pleasure than I could have hoped. A factory, seen from the outside, is as a rule one of the most depressing of objects. Its blank and dreary face suggests that the companionship of machines must be the dreariest companionship on earth. Man has made few attempts to give his machines the beautiful setting they deserve. We think of the spinning-wheel as romantic because we always imagine it in the picturesque surroundings of an ancient cottage or a castle. Give the power-loom as picturesque a setting and it, too, will charm the imagination. The ordinary man, however, who does not work in a factory seldom sees machines in action. He sees them as a rule at exhibitions; and idle machines are surely among the ugliest things visible. Let him enter an iron-foundry, however, and he will see a spectacle that might well move a poet by its magnificence—creative power and creative fire. Let him see the engineer or the silversmith at work, and no farmer or sailor out of the vanished world could give more pleasure to the eye.

Nor can I share the objection of many people to the increasing mechanisation of our daily lives. Having first resigned myself, I am now an enthusiast for the mechanical music of the gramophone, the pianola and the loud speaker. I half wish the motor car had never been invented, but, if the streets were full of hansom-cabs, I know I should always look for a taxi. I detest lifts, but am annoyed if the lift is not working. I loathe gas-fires, but keep one in my bedroom. I am the lazy man, indeed, for whom the lazy men have sought out many inventions. If someone invented a machine for shaving me with no effort on my part I should hate it and use it.

Hence, if what Mr. Neville Chamberlain says is true—that our present miseries are largely due to "the advance of invention of mechanical appliances and devices by way of labour-saving machinery"—I cannot somehow believe that we are going to achieve much by finding fault with the machines. A lazy race, we will never give them up. Machinery has already relieved us of work—an excellent thing; let it now be made use of to relieve us of worklessness. This, it is said, can be done easily enough, but only when men take as much trouble to modernise the potentially marvellous social machine as they take to modernise the machines in their factories. Y. Y.

PROVOKING!

Communist students who provocatively defended themselves were promptly dealt with.—Statement by Nazi students' organisation after a raid.

How deep is the philosophy, how subtle are the pleadings,
By which the Nazis justify their masterful proceedings.
How clearly we can comprehend, through their profound analysis,
Japan's defiance of the League, Disarmament's paralysis.
How weak and ludicrous appear all pacifist pretences
When once we grasp the theory of provocative defences,
And realise how vain it is, in light of this retort to it,
To lay the guilt of bloodshed on the people who resort to it.
For note, no murderer need wage a struggle for existence
Unless the murderee commits the error of resistance;
Nor need armies of invasion, when annexing lands or looting them,
Assert their claims by force, unless provoked by folk disputing them.
How foolish then, to clearer sight, appears the League's profession
To cast upon Japan the guilt of murderous aggression,
Who might have gathered all she sought by peaceful penetration
If boycotters and "bandits" had abstained from provocation.
How blind are those who vainly seek, in armament reduction,
A ban upon offensive arms and methods of destruction.
And how absurd to lay the blame (when once we understand it)
On Nazis, gangsters, Black Shirts, or the British motor bandit,
Because their methods sometimes lead to corpses and contusions
In witness of their righteous wrath with ethical illusions—
The blame for any broken bones lies not on those who broke them
But on the tactless victims who were ready to provoke them.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

THE HOUSING CORPORATION

SIR,—I have read with interest the articles by Sir Raymond Unwin, Mr. Keynes and Sir Harold Bellman in recent issues of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on the subject of a National Housing Corporation. The notion of converting an appreciable slice of the building industry into a public utility undertaking is an extremely attractive idea. But your contributors have been somewhat vague and elusive on what appear to me to be the crucial matters arising in connection with such a scheme. I therefore venture to ask the following questions, not from any desire to be obstructive or critical in a negative way, but in the hope of eliciting answers which will illuminate the discussion in its most vital aspects.

In the first place, what are the functions of the Corporation really intended to be? Is it to be a co-ordinating and planning body? Or is it to be executive? Or both? One of the great lessons to be learnt from our achievement in the field of electricity supply is the advantage of distinguishing clearly between planning on the one hand, and the execution of the plan on the other. The Electricity Commission is essentially concerned with planning, while the Central Electricity Board has the responsibility of putting the plans into operation.

The need for distinguishing these functions is especially vital in the realm of housing. A housing plan is not an affair which can be handed over to housing experts, architects, building societies and other specialists connected with the building industry. For you cannot intelligently plan a large housing scheme without considering the future direction and location of industry, the development of transport, highways and public utilities. These services are inherently connected with the intelligent direction of house-building on a large scale. The result is that if the Corporation is to have planning functions it must not be dominated by housing experts. On the other hand, if it is to be an operating body engaged on the execution of housing schemes it must consist essentially of people of first-rate ability and experience in the building industry.

This brings me to my next question. If the Corporation is to be an executive organ is it to be an addition to existing units of supply, or is it to replace them in a more efficient manner? Is it to swallow up, in no matter how friendly a fashion, any part of the existing mechanism of the building industry? Or is it to be able, by operating with superior efficiency and economy, either to knock out existing firms or to make a living by cultivating parts of the market which they find too barren to yield a return? One imagines in a general way that a large organisation such as the proposed Housing Corporation might potentially possess large differential advantages over the ordinary entrepreneur in a poorly organised affair surrounded by rings such as the building industry. But one wants to know from an authoritative quarter with some precision just what are the economies of production which might be looked for in regard to the raising of money, the obtaining of raw materials and manufactured supplies, the elimination of unnecessary profits, and so forth.

I should be most obliged if your distinguished contributors—or anyone else—would either throw some light on these questions or show that they are irrelevant. WILLIAM A. ROBSON

7 Cromwell Place, S.W.7.

SIR,—In the course of the debate on the resumption of public works, the Ministry of Health state that in the last sixteen months only £2,500,000, representing 7 per cent. of the amount of loans applied for, had been refused by them.

Local authorities themselves have supplied my Council with particulars of work to the value of £9,000,000 held up directly or indirectly as the result of the policy of the Ministry, either as

exemplified in its Circular No. 1,222, or in refusing to sanction loans. This figure applies to only 769 authorities. A modest estimate of the total for the country has been put at £30,000,000. The sphere of influence of the Ministry of Health in this direction is thus much wider than might have been gathered from the figures of loans applied for and refused selected by the Minister as a basis for his statement. The Ministry can, and unquestionably does, refuse to pass plans, and many local authorities are not, as a result of the economy campaign, even submitting their plans.

If the Government has no alternative proposals to the continuation of the present position of inordinate unemployment and industrial depression, the result must inevitably be that local authorities, unable to carry out their schemes, will continue to be called upon to maintain the very men they are forced to render workless. Surely the most unremunerative of schemes ever devised for a national emergency demanding treatment on a national basis! H. B. BRYANT

Secretary, The Building Industries National Council,
5 Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.2.

PACIFISM AT OXFORD

SIR,—When I read of the motion in the Oxford Union "that this House will in no circumstance fight for its King and Country" being carried by 275 votes to 153, I found myself underlining the words "for its King and Country"; for I realised simultaneously two things: first, that there can be no question for me any more of fighting in a national war; secondly, that if a war arose because the Covenant of the League of Nations required the use of the ultimate, military sanctions against an aggressor country, I would have to fight.

I believe that a complete reorientation of loyalty has been going on in large sections of the post-war generation. We owe a new allegiance—an allegiance not to any national State, but to the world. I give my own reactions because I believe many people must find themselves now thinking on these lines.

65 Portland Place, W.1. JONATHAN GRIFFIN

SIR,—The pacifist resolution of the Oxford University Union has aroused anger for a variety of reasons, but I do not think its real significance has yet been brought out.

It is sheer pretence for those who framed that resolution to write as though what was at stake was the great and tragic issue of peace and war. It was not. Had Oxford wished, as many of its members I know desired, to express an uncompromising opposition to taking part in war, it could easily have found a sincere and helpful resolution for this purpose. This was done at University College, London, but not at Oxford. On the contrary a deliberate choice of words was made which it was known would stimulate hatred and jingoism. Certain idealists were, in fact, employing exactly the same methods they had hitherto condemned in Horatio Bottomley and the Yellow Press.

Those of us who have already faced death or imprisonment for actually carrying out the policy of war resistance, and would do so again, have a right to resent so vitally important a subject as peace and war being exploited for sensational self-advertisement.

Indeed, there is in the Oxford resolution a vivid illustration of an unfortunate and growing tendency in current political controversy. At the very moment when there is a wider and more attentive audience than ever before, willing to hear arguments in favour of a rapid carrying out of a courageous Socialist and Pacifist programme, certain advocates of these ideas insist upon presenting them in such a manner and in such a phraseology as to make it almost inevitable that the public will turn its back upon them and their proposals.

All this can only have—is only having—one result. It is arousing so much political passion that an opportunity which was full of hope is being turned into a dog fight between passionately angry partisans. This can only end in a trial of physical force and violence in English politics, as it has done elsewhere.

Nothing is more welcome to our reactionaries and Fascists, because here is their opportunity for diverting an attentive public away from the dispassionate consideration of new and urgent political ideas to the fun and excitement, and then the bitter suffering, of a new war in politics.

Enlightened people saw all this during the war when jingoism was raging. Cannot we pull ourselves up and see it again now, when we in our turn are inclined to exploit the method of sensationalism, blind hatred and anger in place of reason and the active propaganda of a constructive and fearless programme?

I am not asking that we should compromise our ideas or enfeeble our programme. I am only pleading that at such a hopeful moment we should care more about the merits of our ideas than about hating our enemies. If once again it is to be war, we shall most certainly be defeated, just when the world was willing to listen to us. If, on the other hand, we will only engage in a new crusade, confined to advocating the merits of a sane and swift programme, we shall win.

Hurtwood House, ALLEN OF HURTWOOD
Albury, Guildford.

[While welcoming Lord Allen's plea for reason in politics, we are at a loss to understand his argument on this occasion. The resolution means, we take it, exactly what it says, and what we understood that Lord Allen stood for: it was a declaration of a refusal to fight in a future national war. Does Lord Allen, who refused to fight "for King and Country" in the last war, regret that other people should have learned from his example?—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—Mr. Frank Hardie's article is most welcome. War will end when man refuses to take part in it. This refusal must begin with the individual. The Oxford motion is a sign of the times. Mobilisation for peace is the order of the day, and it may well be said in the near future that the war against *war* was won—not "on the playing fields of Eton" but in the debating circles of Oxford!

Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson has told us that modern warfare is a fool's game. There is no longer any glory in it.

"Lyndhurst," North Harrow, FRANCIS J. WHITE
Middlesex.

[We are unfortunately able to print only a small selection from our letters on this subject.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE KENYA SCANDAL

SIR,—In another place I have supported the claim for fair play for the natives of Kenya, but now in the interests of Africa I do protest against your Editorial "Comment" of February 11th. "But the most desperate of all the arguments was the pretence that this mining is for the benefit of the natives."

It is no pretence. Mining *is* for the benefit of all in the colony, including the natives. In my own colony, Northern Rhodesia, the Government could only afford £600 a year for native education until the copper-fields came into being. Within two or three years this grew to £30,000 annual recurrent expenditure plus £20,000 non-recurrent; £50,000 as against £600. Besides this, native hospitals, and the posting of medical officers to purely native districts, were made possible, and the Northern Rhodesian Government does not even get the despised 5 per cent. royalty.

The main issue in Kenya is one thing. This is another, and it is a misrepresentation. Wherefore for Africa, black as well as white, I venture this protest. FRANK MELLAND

Caterham Valley.

[We would not for a moment deny that the mining in Kenya may bring incidental advantages to the natives, though South African experience makes us doubt whether the net effect is likely to be in their interest. Our comment, however, was directed against the hypocrisy which suggests that the motive for breaking into the native reserves and leasing the mines for the private profit of individual white men is the benefit of the natives they are displacing.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE MEERUT PRISONERS

SIR,—May I say a word about Philip Spratt, another of the Meerut prisoners? Of the three young Englishmen involved, he has received the longest sentence—twelve years in an Indian gaol, without access to outside books and periodicals, and with no opportunity of supplementing the prison diet and toilet arrangements which, at their best, must be very much inferior to English prison conditions and to which it must be almost impossible for an Englishman to acclimatise himself.

The terms of the charge on which he has been convicted give the impression that he and his colleagues have been actively fomenting an armed insurrection. Those who knew Philip Spratt as a Cambridge undergraduate, and can testify to his quiet, retiring, scholarly character, will know that any such accusation is absurd. On the other hand, they can well believe that his devotion to the interests of the working classes has led him to

take steps to organise the Indian workers industrially and politically, such as in England would be perfectly legal and would have the sympathy of most progressively minded people. I understand that, in fact, the substance of the evidence against the prisoners amounts to no more than this. DONALD BARBER

12A Parliament Hill Mansions, N.W.5.

SIR,—I am glad to see the appeal of your correspondent Storm Jameson for the defence of Leicester Hutchinson, but I hope the other Meerut prisoners will not be forgotten. These men are not convicted of any act of violence or any such attempt, but for the expression of political opinion, and for organising the very underpaid workers of India they have received the incredible sentences, one of life and others of five to twelve years' imprisonment. If there is yet any love of political liberty in England it should be impossible for these sentences to be carried out. Contributions to the defence may be sent to ALEX GOSSIP, 39 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1. JOSEPH SOUTHALL

13 Charlotte Road,
Edgbaston, Birmingham.

THE BULPINGTON OF BLUP

SIR,—I will not pursue Mr. Francis Birrell into the intricacies of his mental recesses, but I would like to assure him that I have not the smallest intention of comforting and supporting the young men who simply propose to do nothing in or about any further war that may happen. It is Cosmopolis or Armageddon for mankind, and those who will not work to bring about the former must take what comes to them in the latter alternative. The Bulpington of Blup is a sample of evasion; he chanced to be obsessed by rivalry with a young man of science, who in the book is *seen always through his eyes* and who contemned the war; it was just that chance which made him a war hero instead of a war martyr; the process of evasion is exactly the same either way.

47 Chiltern Court, H. G. WELLS
Clarence Gate, N.W.1.

WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA

SIR,—In his notice of Sir Hubert Young's "The Independent Arab," last week, your reviewer quotes the following:

> . . . the risk that I now know we ran was the identical risk that I then said we were running, and I think now, as I thought then, that it was unjustifiable.

Your reviewer comments on this passage by saying "the risk was engaging about an equal number of the enemy."

As one who was present, who took part in the discussion on the subject between Lawrence and Young, and has a most fervent admiration for both men, I feel I must, in the interests of historical accuracy, contradict your reviewer emphatically. He evidently thinks that the small body of Germans to which reference is made on page 249 of *The Independent Arab* was the only hostile unit which we could have encountered. But a perusal of page 247 shows how mistaken this view is.

The risk the Arab force ran was in advancing across the front of a retreating enemy to which it was ludicrously inferior in numbers. Nor was this inferiority offset by any superior mobility which the Arabs possessed, since the Turks had some mounted men and, in country where there is water, cavalry possess a great advantage in speed over camelry. It is true that we knew that we were on the winning side, and the Turks knew that they were finally beaten, but that only made them the more anxious to reach Damascus, their nearest base, where they imagined that there was comparative safety; consequently, they would have put forward their last ounce of strength to overwhelm us had we met them in the course of the perilous night ride to which Young refers.

There is no doubt that the Arabs incurred a tremendous risk of being attacked by a force immeasurably superior to them in everything, except morale, and we were absolutely "in the air," without communications, chances of reinforcements, or adequate means for treating, much less evacuating, our wounded; further, we were practically without rations, virtually dependent upon what we could buy each day from an impoverished and sparsely populated country; my normally strong stomach had been revolting for some days against having to digest unleavened native bread.

It is wrong to underestimate, as your reviewer does, the danger in which we were. The question is whether the risk which we took was justified by tactical and, I must add, political considerations, or whether we should have lain "doggo" in the desert country, away from the railway, and off the line of the Turkish retreat, until we could effect a juncture with the advancing British troops. I thought at the time (and said so) that Lawrence was wrong in urging upon the Arab commander of the force the course which was followed.

But to-day I am less certain than Young is that Lawrence was wrong, for big issues depended upon the Arab force reaching Deraa and Damascus at the earliest possible moment.

61, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. WINTERTON

THE GREEN BAY TREE

SIR,—I should like to draw your attention to a couple of statements made by your Dramatic Critic, who does not sign her name, in her account of my play *The Green Bay Tree*, produced at the St. Martin's Theatre on January 27th.

The first is to the effect that Mr. Dulcimer adopted Julian "for immoral purposes." There is not a word in the text in support of this. Mr. Dulcimer tells Leonora clearly that he rescued the boy from a life of poverty and squalor, that he brought him up, had him educated, made him a delightful companion, with the result that as Leonora puts it "Julian's mission in life is to make Dulcimer think that he is really alive," in other words, Dulcimer keeps young so long as he has Julian. Their relations are unwholesome and enervating and make it impossible for Julian to face up to a healthy life of hard work and responsibility. Does your critic seriously think that Leonora, as I have drawn her and as she is played by Miss Catherine Lacey, would have wasted five minutes over a sexual pervert?

The second statement tells us that Julian was accustomed "to turn the gilded pages of pornographic literature." This is a pure invention on your critic's part and the text of the play is even more explicit than before. It mentions the *Evening Standard*, the *Psalms of David*, the *Tempest* and Deller's *Impressions of the Umbrian Towns*, and I should like to know which of these works she considers pornographic. It occurs to me, however, that as Mr. Dulcimer alludes to a picture of Perrugia in the early morning, she may have imagined Perrugia to be the name of a famous courtesan. Anyhow, her inaccuracies call for some explanation and apology. MORDAUNT SHAIRP

13 Heath Mansions, N.W.3.

[Our critic writes:—I regret that I should have unintentionally misrepresented Mr. Mordaunt Shairp, who has handled with discretion a theme that can only be unpleasant. He says that there is not a line in his play to support my deduction that Mr. Dulcimer adopted Julian for immoral purposes. Apart from the whole tenor of the action, I base my statement on the dialogue between Mr. Dulcimer and the young woman vet., to whose question "Then you adopted Julian for the sake of his voice?" Mr. Dulcimer replies with a satyric smile, "Well—you can call it that if you like." Unless Mr. Frank Vosper's reading of the part was more sinisterly significant than the author intended, I can conceive of no other interpretation being put upon this interchange than my own. With regard to the second point at issue, I must apologise for having put into words an impression, which, as I now realise, was conveyed, not by direct evidence, but by a skilfully created atmosphere, and by the sybaritic implications of the dialogue.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

VISIONARY AND *VISUEL*

SIR,—In the review of Mr. Porteus' book, *Wyndham Lewis: A Discursive Exposition*, in your issue of February 11th, the point of a very interesting paradox was, I venture to think, not perhaps so much missed as its status as *paradox* misunderstood. Mr. Stonier spoke of "a muddle of the terms visionary and *visuel*." But when we employ the term "visionary," we may mean merely a person possessed of some unpractical notion of a platonic society—or, at its worst and lowest, of "a world fit for heroes to live in," say. On the other hand, in the case of the more intense type of mystical "visionary," we do usually infer something as concrete as common or garden eyesight. He sees with his eyes, with a pre-Raphaelite minuteness, what he believes or wishes—hence, after all, the term "visionary."

But the artist (whether he be Giotto or Dante) sees something that is not there in the objective world as well. Some artist-visionaries see with alarming vividness the most prosaic objects only, with camera-like crudeness—others see for preference the Old Testament Jahveh, or such alarming mandarins as "the man who built the pyramids."

Aside from the controversial issue of William Blake *versus* Myself, the critical service that Mr. Porteus was rendering in that

part of his book entitled, I think, " The Visionary," consisted in the *rapprochement* effected between these two classes of people (generally regarded as poles apart), namely, the ones who just *see* all the time, regardless of whether there is anything there or not to no particular purpose ; and those who are impelled to do so for the greater glory of God. Mr. Porteus shows how both are functionally rooted in a sort of plastic second-sight. And the analysis of these various modes of " vision " leads to very significant, and perhaps unexpected, results. When Shakespeare was writing *Othello* did he not *see* the Moor ? (How far, likewise, was he prone to *hear* the voice of his big African captain, booming down the Venetian canals ?) I suggest that Mr. Porteus was not, in fact, guilty of " muddling " the terms *visuel* and visionary at all. He was exploring an alliance between two species of men, one that is not commonly suspected. WYNDHAM LEWIS

31 Percy Street, W.1.

Miscellany

LAST WORDS

OF LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH (AND OTHERS)

PENS, pencils, scissors, great paper-cutters, umbrellas, and friends as large as life—the things I keep losing grow bigger day by day, and one day soon I shall lose the big world itself.

We need two kinds of acquaintances, one to complain to, while to the others we boast.

What I like in a good author is not what he says, but what he whispers.

To deprive elderly people of their bogies is as brutal as snatching from babies their big stuffed bears.

In the Great World you must wear your heart on your sleeve, but it must be a sham one.

It is the grave drawback of these Hard Times that it costs so much to die.

How much of our disparagement is the talk of foxes who have lost their tails !

The fundamental distinction between the good and bad eggs of the world is a distinction which people of the world find it convenient to ignore.

The charitable attempt not to smell the smell of a bad egg only makes it worse.

People have a right to be shocked ; the mention of unmentionable things is a kind of participation in them.

Those who like the same things find it the hardest thing in the world not to like each other.

A friend who loved perfection would be the perfect friend, did not that love shut his door upon me.

I find a fascination, like the fascination for the moth of a star, in those who hold aloof and disdain me.

Those who are contemptuous of everyone are more than any one terrified of contempt.

The tone of people with low aims is always a high one : the talk of those who live purely for the good is appalling.

The man who is master of his Passions is his Reason's slave.—C. C.

There is no dead horse that is not kicking somewhere.—C. C.

Better to write for yourself and have no public, than to write for the public and have no self.—C. C.

We all find faults, but those who look for gratitude find the ugliest.—C. C.

We do not die in other people's arms if we can help it.—C. C.

Youth feels everywhere the presence of Mortality, but nowhere the reality of Death.—C. C.

Credit is the poor man's opium.—C. C.

To bestow a caress may be more wounding than to deny one, as those who have been in love may, perhaps, remember.—D. M.

In order to know yourself you must first let others know you.—D. M.

What we really want with all our hearts we obtain, except perhaps in love.—D. M.

Brilliancy in youth is only almond-blossom, and gives no promise of fruition. But how lovely, how amazing almond-blossom is !—D. M.

" Love's not Time's fool," the text of Shakespeare's sonnet reads ; but there must be a misprint.—S. P.

Rich people would not so enjoy their little meannesses if they knew how much their friends enjoy them.—S. P.

Don't let young people confide in you their aspirations : when they drop them, they will drop you.—S. P.

If married people lost their unthinkable belief that they can change their wives or husbands, marriage would collapse at once.—S. P.

Don't tell your friends their social faults : they will cure the faults and never forgive you.—S. P.

Why do people lament the follies for which their friends adore them ?—G. H.

If people say, I don't know why it is that I can't like so-and-so, the answer is—try envy.—M. M.

In England things are never as bad as they seem.—G. G.

THE NEXT OPERA SEASON

IT is possible that the season of international opera, which is to be given at Covent Garden this year, will be the last in the present Royal Opera House, which dates from 1858, the previous theatre having been burnt down in 1856. The present theatre was designed by Edward Barry, R.A.—not to be confused with Sir Charles Barry, who designed the Houses of Parliament and the beautiful Reform Club building in Pall Mall with a superb hall and dining room.

The Covent Garden Opera House has a beautiful interior in the Italian style and is almost ideal acoustically. There was a time—about twenty years ago—when musicians and the public generally did not appreciate its virtues because it seemed to them old-fashioned, not having yet achieved the charm of period. Besides, everybody was then under the influence of the new style of theatre design that had come from Germany and had superseded to some extent the earlier Italian style. The German style differed from the Italian chiefly in respect to line and colour. The German ideal was for a rectilinear building without balconies or circles, shaped like a wedge with the stage at the thin end. All decoration was to be drab in colour and severe in expression, as befitting those idealistic conceptions of culture into which decent people always fall when the Latin conception of amusement has become frivolous and degraded from its rightful place. We can be thankful now that we have never had a National Opera House built during the present century to supersede the old Covent Garden theatre, for it would simply have been a colossal waste of money and we should have had dumped in our midst a huge ugly " white elephant," of which we should never have been able to rid ourselves. Luckily, the Covent Garden Opera House has survived long enough for its beauty to find new appreciation, and if it is pulled down this year I hope it will only be to make way for some truly beautiful modern building of glass and steel—of which, unfortunately, there are very few to be seen in England where those hideous compromises in columnar, neo-classic, façade-faking of our eminent architects are a monument to the futility of our wealth.

One of the features of the Italian style of theatre design which was retained in the best theatres of the new German type was the open auditorium—by which I mean that everybody seated on the floor of the theatre had a full unobstructed view of the interior open from floor to ceiling. In most of the theatres built during the present century on the cantilever

principle the circles have projected over the floor of the theatre to such an extent that at least half the audience is penned under an immense low over-hanging projection which shuts them off from the audience above them and makes any view of the interior impossible except from the stage. This is bad designing from every point of view, because it depresses and oppresses most of the audience, whereas everybody should feel stimulated and delighted by the sense of being in a theatre where a most important part of the aesthetic enjoyment derives from the communal feeling.

Unfortunately the beautiful old Covent Garden Opera House only fulfils some of the fundamental requirements of an ideal theatre. It is beautiful and it is open. It satisfies the eye and it makes the audience one in a common spaciousness. But it has a bad gallery which is taken up far too high and is horribly uncomfortable and cramped, and it does not provide sufficient good seats at low prices. Although one can hear perfectly from every seat, one cannot see perfectly and one cannot sit comfortably everywhere. I do not attribute the disproportion between the most expensive and the least expensive seats solely to the architectural design of the theatre, but it is certain that it would not be beyond the capacity of a good architect to design a theatre which would hold a great many more people than Covent Garden on the same ground area, without shutting off large sections of the public under projecting shelves. From the economic point of view this is an important factor, but it also must be remembered that the present ridiculously high prices charged at Covent Garden are due almost entirely to the fact that we only have six or eight weeks of opera during the year. If we had permanent repertory opera houses, such as exist in German cities, we could enjoy opera at prices from one to seven shillings every night of the year.

For the Covent Garden season beginning on May 1st, Sir Thomas Beecham will be the artistic director and the principal conductor. We are promised the usual two cycles of "The Ring" and *Parsifal* and *Tristan und Isolde* as well. Fortunately, however, we shall be able to enjoy the Wagner operas much more wholeheartedly this year, because they are not to be our only musical fare. We are promised several French and Italian operas and two entirely new productions of "operas unfamiliar to London." This is very good news indeed, and it is to be hoped that the promise will be completely fulfilled. The preliminary prospectus which I have received gives the following list of works to be produced, in addition to the Wagner repertory:

Der Rosenkavalier	Strauss
La Damnation de Faust	Berlioz
Don Carlos	Verdi
Aïda	Verdi
Otello	Verdi
Tosca	Puccini
La Bohème	Puccini
Il Barbiere de Siviglia	Rossini

Already the French operas have been reduced to one, Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust*, which was not originally conceived as an opera. This is regrettable, but is presumably due to lack of money. It means that our long-deferred hope of hearing *Les Troyens* in London is once more postponed. I am sure, however, that this is not the fault of Sir Thomas Beecham, who is an enthusiastic admirer of *Les Troyens*. The only other novelty in the list is Verdi's *Don Carlos*, which is very acceptable as a first instalment of the Verdi operas we want to hear in London, namely, *Macbeth*, *Un Ballo in Maschera* and *Simon Boccanegra*—all of which are relatively unknown to the present generation of music-lovers. We are, however, promised *Otello*, and if it is well cast this will be compensation for a great deal. The only Italian singers whom the prospectus mentions as being already engaged are Rosetta Pampinini, Rosa Raisa and Cesare Formichi, who all enjoy a good reputation. There is, however, no certainty that we shall hear *Otello* and *Don Carlos*, although they are down on the list, because it is always carefully stated that the repertory "will be selected from the following operas," and there is no guarantee that the very operas which every musician and music-lover wants to hear will not be dropped from the list when the time comes.

I write now with the desire to impress upon Lt.-Col. Blois and Sir Thomas Beecham the importance of performing the promised novelties. There is one sinister feature in the list, and that is the inclusion of two operas by Puccini, *Tosca* and *La Bohème*, these hoary make-weights of Covent Garden's repertory. I believe they are only performed nowadays because Covent Garden has all their scenery and dresses and does not know what to do with them and also because sopranos and tenors might die by the dozen and there would still be no difficulty in finding a cast for either opera at a minute's notice. If *La Bohème* is exquisitely sung with a first-rate cast all round, one can enjoy it, but *Tosca*! Who wants to listen to that fake melodrama any longer? Let Sir Thomas take this opportunity for an exhibition of his well-known ruthlessness, let him take out his pen and delete the name of Puccini absolutely from the repertory list and then we may be certain that we shall hear *La Damnation de Faust*, *Don Carlos*, *Otello*, and *Il Barbiere*. Without these works the season will be a bitter disappointment.

W. J. TURNER

THE "ORESTEIA" AT CAMBRIDGE

How approach the performance of a Greek play, round which so much ritual has grown, and which encounters so many problems of production? And the audience too? How satisfy the people who go for the music and are bored by the Greek and the people who go for the Greek and are bored by the music? Mr. George Thompson complained to me on this occasion that the exigencies of the score compelled dozens of false quantities. This, unfortunately, did not bother me much, but he was right to protest. And then those choruses, the main characters in Aeschylus and the architects of the drama? How grapple with them when the singers are not dancers and the producer not a choreographer? The *Oresteia* is too long to be acted whole; so obviously you cut the choruses ruthlessly. Yet is not this, in the case of Aeschylus, to act *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark? The *Choephorae* is a musical interlude; so if you cut down the choruses you destroy its main purpose, which was particularly unfortunate last week, when the leader of the *Choephorae* really spoke his lines as if he meant them—an achievement which annoyed several members of the audience. Perhaps, after all, it would be better to act the *Agamemnon* whole and try to do something original with the choruses, particularly the first one, than give a truncated version of the whole, especially as this avoids the difficulties connected with the end of the *Eumenides*. Could not the chorus sing seated as in oratorio and a choreographer called in to organise a mimetic accompaniment? The original performance of the *Coq d'Or* might provide a hint here: otherwise the Greek play falls between the two stools of providing the occasion of an opera and the occasion of rubbing up one's Greek. For, unfortunately, the Greek interferes with the opera and the opera with the Greek.

Still one enormously enjoys the Greek play at Cambridge and I enormously enjoyed the *Oresteia*. For some reason or other something does emerge. The acting was often highly spirited. Clytemnestra, Orestes, and the leader of the *Choephorae* gave excellent performances. If one can do nothing else, one can recapture the emotions of one's adolescence. The mere repetition of the same "repertory," the belief that it is worth while going on giving the same plays, written in a dead language over two thousand years ago, has something purifying about it like the Mass.

For the pleasure to be derived from seeing a Greek play at Cambridge is associated with the pleasure derived from having seen the same or other Greek plays given at Cam-

bridge many times before. The old emotions are recaptured, the old difficulties re-encountered, the old grumbles repeated, the old faces recognised in the audience. Even the actors seem almost the same as last time. We experience the raptures of ritual, as presumably did the Greeks when they took their lunch with them to the theatre and prepared to combine the pleasures of Holy Week with a sunny day at Lord's.

So perhaps it is best that nothing should be done with the Greek play at Cambridge except try to improve the *décor*, but go on with it *coûte que coûte* with all its familiar compromises. The choral scholars shall sing words they hardly understand and make as many false quantities as they like. Mrs. Prior shall supervise the dresses and a member of the Darwin family do the *décor*. A distinguished Cambridge musician shall write an opera and Mr. Sheppard, more majestic and affable than ever, shall thank us and Aeschylus indiscriminately. Then we can squeeze out through the narrow passages of the New Theatre, content in the knowledge that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, which is Cambridge, and that the Greek play is none the worse for having so little to do with the art of the theatre.

FRANCIS BIRRELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Different Lives

Stella Mordaunt, daughter of a Catholic mother and an aggressively Protestant father, is at school in a convent. Bright, lovable, childish, she has contrasted, half-unconsciously, the apparent certainty and peace of the nuns' lives with the bickering, the evident triviality of life at home. Her ideal is the Mother Superior; and, under her influence, she herself joins the order. Ten years pass. Stella discovers a triviality now in the religious life, and plenty of occasion for bickering. Also the life has not the warm atmosphere of human affection for which she craves. When she hears that the Mother Superior, who alone all these years has represented that side of life for her, has been ordered to a branch house at Valparaiso, she decides she must leave the convent. She has no vocation. She gets dispensed from her vows, and returns to her brother's home. That is briefly the story of Miss Delafield's moving play *The Glass Wall*, at the Embassy. That it is not more moving was due partly, I think, to a certain dissipation in interest and uncertainty in handling, and probably much more to the casting and production. Mary Casson's Stella lacked charm, and continually we were dragged back to think of the play as a study in that most pitiful type of human being who craves for love and is, by some wanton stroke of fate, essentially unlovable. It was, too, hard to believe that she would ever have been accepted as a nun, or at least have passed her novitiate. Marda Vanne's Mother Superior was an admirable study in restrained and passionate acting; but she occasionally seemed hampered by Mary Casson's inability to enter into her part—her own intensity had nothing to meet it. Then Miss Delafield has tried to do too much. The problem of the child of a "mixed marriage"; the problem of the religious life; the problem of the mistaken vocation; the problem of love that desires passionately, and is not needed—all of these are present in the play, and any one of them would be enough by itself. The strongest and most successful thing in *The Glass Wall* is the scrupulous fairness with which the two ways of life are contrasted. This is no tract against the religious life; nor is it an attack on family life, though anyone might, after watching the home-life of Tony Mordaunt and his wife in the last act, elect for a life which would give one silence and the dignity of solitude. Nor can I feel that Stella, though she may find a certain busied content, will develop out of the childishness which ten years of the convent have impressed on her. She is taken away from her brother's by her widowed father, who also craves for someone to love and to love him. She exchanges one nursery for another. As produced *The Glass Wall* is a fine, unrelentingly honest study in characterlessness; but I am not certain that this was Miss Delafield's intention.

Words Without Import

The reputation of the Stage Society for sponsoring plays that would be rejected by the commercial theatre will not be injured by the "fantastic comedy" with whose production it closed its present season. Mr. Wilfred Walter's *Oh Hang* is indeed unlikely to tempt the sordid-minded men who produce with an eye to profit. And for once in a way the sordid-minded men will be quite right. This pretentious allegory in pedestrian verse was, alas! not amusing. A symbolic house in Kentish Town presided over by a vaguely celestial landlord was the scene of a wordy attempt to allot responsibility for crime. Who was to blame for the faulty woodwork that gave way in the burglar's hand and let him down? Was it the builder or the carpenter or the pretty girl who distracted the carpenter's attention or the dress designer who made the enchantress what she was? Symbolically, it is resolved to hang the burglar, the victim one supposes of a pernicious social system. Must one conclude that he would not have burgled if the house had been more solidly built? It is perhaps unfair to want to draw conclusions. But the fantasy lacked that airy lightness which might have compensated for absence of thought. Even Mr. Richard Goolden's always disarming countenance could not prevent the evening from being very dull. It is a pity that a body like the Stage Society, which has an important function to fulfil in the contemporary theatre, should mistake affectation for experiment.

Cavalcade Filmed

The desperate efforts of Hollywood finance to recoup its losses by exploiting the sentimentalities of British Imperialism with the aid of British actors and a British producer may be observed in the film version of *Cavalcade* at the Tivoli. My political prejudices are probably too strong to allow me to judge this picture from a purely aesthetic point of view. But the direction seemed to me more competent than imaginative, and the scenic effects unworthy of the vast sums of money evidently squandered on the production. The acting, though slick enough on West End theatrical lines, was not very interesting. The Duchess of Sutherland's ball is as pointless on the screen as it was on the stage, and we see neither the sinking of the *Titanic* nor the Queen's funeral procession, both of which take place "off" in the best Greek tradition. The sentimentality, however, sweeps triumphantly along like a river of glue; and each nerve is scraped in a singularly exasperating manner as one is ruthlessly reminded of everything one wants not to remember. The particular mixture of half-baked disillusion and "Lest we forget" makes *Cavalcade* one of the most unpleasant works it has ever been my lot to know. Curious especially is Mr. Coward's belief that for some reason or other the human race ought to have become better as the result of the war. Yet many people apparently share Mr. Coward's disappointment at the war's not succeeding where the Crucifixion failed. One thing, however, is certain. Only Mr. Coward at his most patriotic and snobbish could bring out the full horror of Edwardian vulgarity, or, as he prefers to call it, dignity. A visit to *Cavalcade*, combined with a stiff tariff, should stimulate the home trade in guillotines.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, February 24th—
- J. H. Driberg on "Practical Uses of Anthropological Study," Caxton Hall, Victoria Street, 5.30.
- "Joë et Cie," Arts Theatre.
- "The One Girl," Hippodrome.
- "Cock Robin," Little Theatre.

SATURDAY, February 25th—
- Jelly d'Aranyi and Adila Fachiri, Wigmore Hall, 3.

SUNDAY, February 26th—
- J. A. Hobson on "The Magic of Words," Conway Hall, 11.
- G. D. H. Cole on "Socialist Control of Industry," Transport Hall, Smith Square, 7.30.
- "The Motive," Grafton Theatre.

MONDAY, February 27th—
- London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Hans Weisbach, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

TUESDAY, February 28th—
- Sir Bernard Pares on "An Estimate of the Communist Experiment in Russia," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Bach Choir, Brahms Centenary, Central Hall, Westminster, 8.15.

WEDNESDAY, March 1st—
- "The Lake," Arts Theatre.
- "Jolly Roger," Savoy Theatre.

THURSDAY, March 2nd.
- Dr. Helena Wright, Norman Haire and others on "Sex and Common Sense," Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, 8.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE snow has come down and there is more to follow in those leaden clouds to the north, but I shall seize the moments of sunshine, put on my coat and muffler, take my stick and step out bravely, for I must see a little life and breathe a little air; I cannot live with books all the time. There is air certainly, arctic air, but there is not much life on the whitened roads. The doctor has visited the village and the treads of his tyres are freshly marked, but everyone else seems to have spent the morning indoors, and even if I caught sight of a child hurrying along in Wellington boots with a milk-can in his hand I should not have added much to my stock of knowledge. I am not going to visit my neighbours but to skirt their domains in a country walk. The rutted drive twists quickly away behind the whitened lauristinus, hiding the squire's poverty and the jolly empty lives of his six daughters . . . and I hurry along happily round the back of the vicarage where the parson lives with his two sisters, and through the farmyard where I can hear the sow grunting and the little pigs squealing from a warm corner, and then the bull rattling his chain and someone playing Schumann very badly on the piano in the parlour. Then I turn home again. I have seen no one, but my walk has led me to touch the fringes of three novels, for there is a novel to be written about each of these families, though not by me. For I know nothing of them, and though I can guess what they are like when they are happy, I am quite ignorant of their unhappiness, and without unhappiness there can be no novel.

* * *

Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way. In the first sentence of *Anna Karenina*, Tolstoy not only goes straight to the heart of his subject, but also, I think, furnishes a clue to the nature of a very large number of novels. For in the majority of cases the novel springs from the family; it is the study of a family *being unhappy in its own way*. The reader continually has the sensation of having been adopted into the family; he feels that he has lived for years with the characters, not met them accidentally. Whereas stories. . . . But before I turn in at my own gate, I lift the latch of the one house in the village where my arrival will excite no surprise, the public-house, and there if I am lucky I shall hear, mixed up in the flow of talk, a story, and very likely it will be about the farmer's wife, or the parson's sisters or the squire's daughters. For while the novel remains unknown to us, hidden away behind the lauristinus, the story flies out of the back door and the french windows, even out of the chimney itself, and is carried from person to person, all over the village, until even I hear it in the end. We are usually ignorant of the novels of our neighbours' lives, but we know the short stories in which they figure. Such stories have too much vitality to be suppressed, and grow like weeds even on stony soil. And what a lot there are! One has only to ask a few innocent questions and out a story comes, and how good these stories are! There are no town stories like them: all great story-tellers come from the village, and the simplest and most primitive stories are the best, whilst just the opposite is true of novels.

* * *

The distinguishing feature of village life is that every one knows the characters of his neighbours. For this reason village stories are never mere anecdotes but are always told so as to wring the last drop of humour out of the individual characters of living people. The weakness of the village story is that there is often not a good enough anecdote to hang the characters on. But once the anecdote is found it is never forgotten. Often, indeed, it goes to give a name to a field, or a barn, or a spinney, and it ends by finding its place on the parish map. But when such a village story is taken into the country town, it immediately loses half of its richness; the knowing ones will listen tolerantly, chuckle, and, should the theme be a bawdy one, they will repeat it in the next town. But by then it has become a mere anecdote and lost all its charm. In the next town no one knows the squire or the parson's sisters, and if the story is to survive in the commercial room at the hotel they must be changed into the dreary stock figures of the Scotchman, the Irishman and the Jew. By that time, of course, all is lost, and if it were not for that strong sense of duty which leads thousands of men to keep alive every smutty story they hear, as some people save the lives of disgusting half-drowned flies out of tea-cups, no one would ever ask: "*Have you heard this one?*" Perhaps every old "chesnut" was first found on a village green, and while it was still fresh and sappy was proudly exhibited as a conker. It shrivelled only when it got to town.

* * *

Pirandello's stories, a volume of which has just been published under the title of *Better Think Twice About It* (Lane, 7*s.* 6*d.*), have got this fresh village quality. They are the very pick of the best stories which one can imagine arising in a Sicilian village. I took the book up, expecting I don't know what strangeness, but found myself reading stories some of which might have been taken by Boccaccio out of *The Golden Ass*. The range of the stories in this volume is very wide, and it seems likely they have been selected for this reason, but the best ones have the primitive love of an extraordinary situation, an astonishing anecdote, which comes to life as the characters are shown. And Pirandello is a master of making one completely know a character, as one knows the characters of one's neighbours, without ever breaking off the thread of the tale to describe him. The account of the breaking and the mending, and the need for breaking again, of a huge, pot-bellied, breast high, earthenware jar which has been newly bought to hold the oil pressed out of a bumper crop of olives, is a magnificent village story, which one can imagine being told by one rustic after another all over Sicily. It is such a fine, elementary subject that it will live forever, and I am tempted to say that it is the best story that has ever been told about a jar, or a tub, or a barrel, or a brewing vat (and there have been many famous ones), though unlike a good many of these there is not the slightest impropriety about it. It would be wicked to spoil it by telling it here, everyone must read it for themselves; but already I am wondering how it could be adapted for a northern climate where there are no olive oil jars. Could one tell it, perhaps, about a boiler or a brick-oven or a septic tank? Alas, none of these will do; the story depends on its being a jar, and they do not use jars that size in English villages.

* * *

But "The Jar" is only one of several very fine stories in the book. "The Other Son," "Better Think Twice About It," and "The Captive" are all fine and powerful and moving, but the ones I like best of all are "A Call To Duty" and "The Quick and The Dead." The first of these two is, I think, the best story on an improper subject I have ever read, and, now I come to think of it, I suppose the strait-laced might find the other one improper too. But in each of them the improper anecdote is—like the jar—the predicament in which the characters find themselves, and its value depends, like the village story, on the characters. Of the others, several are slight sketches and one longer one, "The Wet-nurse," seems to me a failure. Curiously enough it is the most Russian of the stories, and I felt, somehow, that had it been told by Tchehov, it would have been made intensely moving by the subtlest difference of accentuation. Somehow the Italian sun is a little too fierce and the shadows it throws are a little too black. In some of the others there is a tendency to a slightly abrupt ending. But this volume shows that Pirandello is not only a great master of the theatre and a most original and successful experimenter, but he is also a really great story-teller as well. Fortunately he has written a great deal: there are twelve more volumes of stories, so there is still a lot to look forward to in life. MERCURY PATTEN

A GENTLEMANLY REVOLUTION

Democracy in Crisis. By HAROLD J. LASKI. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

Where Stands Socialism To-day? Replies by SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, S. K. RATCLIFFE, HAROLD LASKI, HUGH DALTON, A. L. ROWSE, BERNARD SHAW. *Rich and Cowan.* 3s. 6d.

The experiences of 1931, following those of the General Strike of 1926, have convinced most of the younger generation of Labour thinkers—and some of the older generation too—that Fabianism in the old sense of a gradual erosion of capitalism with the consent of the capitalists is a pretty hopeless business. They no longer hope to see, in our or any other time, a Socialist Government with a parliamentary majority introducing a nicely graded series of Socialist measures, quietly accepted by the Conservative minority and pushed through the House of Lords by the Parliament Act, to be followed by a further parliamentary majority, perhaps after an interval of five years, and so on, until our major industries are nationalised, the inequalities of inheritance abolished, and our capitalists all turned into civil servants. There is nothing in democratic theory to make this pretty picture fanciful, but it has been the opinion of political thinkers as divergent as A. J. Balfour and Lowes Dickinson, that the democratic conventions will only work provided that there is substantial agreement between the parties about the economic structure. Nor can anyone who watched the behaviour of the Conservative Party in Ulster in 1913–14 seriously believe that property owners, who usually find the constitution a valuable bulwark of privilege, will care a rap for its forms and precedents if their economic position is threatened. In *Democracy in Crisis*, Professor Laski analyses the various courses which lie open in these circumstances to a propertied class which owns the sources of publicity as well as the sources of wealth, and whose resistance may involve a run on the pound or a conscious use of the prestige of the Crown for its own purposes. "Gradualism" in this old Fabian sense is dead, because capitalism is too strong and integral a system to be "permeated," and thus persuaded to abolish itself. "You can peel an onion leaf by leaf," as Mr. Tawney put it in the *Political Quarterly*, "but you can't skin a live tiger claw by claw." And that remains true even when the tiger is as ailing as capitalism seems to be to-day. The more ailing the more ferocious. It was comparatively easy to get concessions out of capitalism in prosperity. To-day there is not much room for concessions. Each advance involves the whole front.

It is not therefore surprising to find the Fabian lectures of 1932 (which form the basis of the articles in *Where Stands Socialism To-day?*) putting forward very un-Fabian views. Dr. Dalton, Mr. Ratcliffe and Mr. Rowse might still be described in varying degrees as "gradualists," but Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Laski and Bernard Shaw all work on the assumption that the Constitution is unlikely to stand the strain of a declining capitalism challenged by a resolute Socialism. Mr. Shaw is the least compromising about the "inevitable catastrophe." We find him congratulating Sir Oswald Mosley on his readiness to face realities and expressing a doubt whether Fascism is really an "alternative to Communism" and not rather a "half-way house to it." Mr. Shaw has no use for the theory of representation. "Mussolini is the most responsible ruler in Europe because he gives his orders with his own voice and not through an imaginary megaphone called the 'Voice of the Italian People.' Mr. MacDonald's voice is the National Voice. When he says one thing on Tuesday and the contrary on Friday, don't blame him: it's only the nation changing its mind." But even Mr. Shaw, who welcomes the Revolution, ends up by advising his audience "to let it be done in as gentlemanly a manner as possible." So strong is the tradition of compromise in this country that all Englishmen may be said from a continental standpoint to be Liberals. Sir Stafford Cripps discusses the gentlemanly ways of having a revolution: he desires to copy the tactics of the National Government, to take over the financial system at one bite and to reorganise industry by Orders in Council. Mr. Rowse, who concentrates on the industrial reorganisation, makes a good point when he says that "learning from Russia" should mean avoiding her mistakes. He quotes the case of Krassin, one of the comparatively few organisers of the old regime whose services Lenin managed to retain. Mr. Rowse argues "that we cannot afford to endanger the success of Socialism by allowing it to be inefficient" and that if a Socialist Government handles the situation intelligently it will find many of our biggest industrial organisers, who mind about the success of the job, not about the money they make from it, perfectly willing to carry on under Socialist conditions.

Mr. Laski is not concerned in his book with the details of Socialist policy, but with the tactics which are legitimate and expedient for a realist who is also a Socialist to follow. His last chapter should be read by all those—and there are many such among the younger generation—who are wondering whether any kind of "reformism" is worth while, whether they ought not to regard violent revolution as inevitable and get down to the job of preparing for it. Mr. Laski argues that in this land of compromise violence is not inevitable; that if violence is precipitated from the Socialist side it will certainly be unsuccessful, except in the case of an international war or some other situation which may make the armed forces themselves revolutionary; that in a democratic society which does give a large measure of freedom to discuss and to organise, the only legitimate job is to create Socialists, to attain a parliamentary majority, and to make sure of the tactical advantage of leaving it to the other side to begin the law-breaking. He quotes with great effect a passage in which Lenin argues that there is nothing to be said for conspiracy tactics, that it is only justifiable to attempt revolution with an effective majority on your side. "No great revolution," wrote Lenin, "has happened, or can happen, without the disorganisation of the army."

Mr. Laski has written a very impressive book in which he is wise enough always to give his opponents the benefit of the doubt, never to argue that the methods of reason are hopeless and the future narrowly determined. He avoids the common illogicality of Communists, who sling abuse and charges of moral turpitude at persons whom they show at the same time to be behaving not as free agents but in ways historically inevitable. Continental readers will regard Mr. Laski's book as curiously English; its insistence on the value of reason and the desirability of peace will seem to them out of place in an argument which is deeply rooted in Marxism, even though it avoids both the dogmatism and jargon of Marxists. It is a pity that Mr. Laski has not yet quite grown out of his own jargon. The facility of his diction and the eloquence of his classical periods are remarkable, and it would be easy to quote many brilliant and epigrammatic phrases from this book. Yet there are passages which are spoilt for the fastidious reader by unnecessary verbiage and an unaccountable preference for a plethora of abstract nouns. "*Detur digniori* is, as Algernon Sidney said, the surrounding penumbra of all political action." I do not myself know what words Algernon Sidney used in this context, but I doubt if it is well paraphrased by "penumbra." A second criticism is of substance. The revolutionary possibilities which Mr. Laski discusses depend, I think, less on the balance of constitutional forces in England than on those which make for disruption in the Overseas Empire. Mr. Laski is not, of course, oblivious to the significance to our constitutional problem of nationalism in India,

BP

PLUS

Plus what?

Plus a little something some others haven't got

or of the growing political consciousness of African negroes, but perhaps because they represent forces which are at present imponderable he seems to me not to give them the weight which they deserve in his argument. I should say myself that the chances of revolution depend on international and overseas conflict more than on any internal events in this country.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

NEW LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

The Letters of Matthew Arnold to Arthur Hugh Clough. Edited with an Introductory Study by HOWARD FOSTER LOWRY. *Oxford University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

In literary history the names of Clough and Arnold will always be remembered together, though perhaps neither of them would have liked particularly to think that this would be so. Dying in 1861, the year in which Arnold began his career as a critic, Clough knew his friend almost solely as a poet, and a review which he wrote of *The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems* hardly shows that he was qualified to take an accurate measure of his friend's powers. On the other hand Arnold, in several passages of these letters, seems to convey the feeling that Clough is more or less mistaken in thinking himself a poet. "You succeed best," he writes, "in the hymn" : which may be accepted as a true judgment, if poems like *As Ships Becalmed at Eve* or *Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth* may be regarded as hymns. Arnold being certainly the greater poet, the chief blame, if any, must rest on Clough, who we may conceive should have set himself to flatter and foster his friend's talent. To which of the two did the friendship mean most? Arnold expressly says it meant most to him. Reviewing it at the age of thirty he writes : "I am and always shall be, whatever I do or say, powerfully attracted towards you, and vitally connected with you : this I am sure of : the period of my development (God forgive me the d——d expression !) coincides with that of my friendship with you so exactly that I am for ever linked with you by intellectual bonds—the strongest of all : more than you are with me."

It is perhaps significant of the relations between the two men that it was only Clough who kept his share of the letters exchanged. We miss his letters, not only on their own account—for Clough is insufficiently known to us—but because we are thus left a little in the dark as to what he really thought of Arnold : for no doubt Arnold's candour was reciprocated in the correspondence. A tribute is certainly due to the skill with which the editor has disentangled a fairly consistent narrative from this one-sided series of letters. At Rugby Clough was Dr. Arnold's "white-headed boy," and it is just possible that when Matthew went up to Oxford, charged, no doubt, to make Clough his mentor, there may have been associated with him in the son's mind a faint degree of that antagonism with which in youth we inevitably regard a boy who has been held up to us as a model. Anyhow, on a close view of his friend, he soon decides that he does not want to be quite like him, and Clough becomes a warning to him rather than a mentor. He looks at his friend coolly, quizzically, with a slight air of mundane disapproval ("God knows you have few expenses as to dress, etc."), and he probably made up his mind that Clough, for all his noble intelligence, was a man who would never "do anything." He himself is dandified and gay, self-confident, socially audacious, qualified to make his way in circles where Clough could not follow him. Yet Arnold is of a deeply affectionate nature. He protests his love for his friend, and the need of his friend's love in return. Moreover, by birthright, Dr. Arnold's son had really everything that his friend could give ; and the moral seriousness disclosed in his poems, a startling revelation to members of his own family, only revealed that part of his nature with which Clough was more familiar than anyone.

It is difficult to see how a perfect understanding between two poets, each of whom thought little of the other's work, could remain always unruffled ; and there were periods of coolness between them. The most serious threatening of a breach happened about the time of the publication of *The Bothie*, on which Arnold pronounced his customary disparagement (Clough, by the way, must by this time have thought that coming under Matt's ban he was in fairly good company, for Arnold, so far as I can remember, never praised any contemporary English poet). Arnold afterwards confessed that he had felt at this time a "strong disposition to bar out all influences which troubled without advancing me," but that he had soon found Clough's "charm and salutary effect" irresistible. It is notable that this was the time of the influence on Arnold of the Bhagavad Gita, which has left some traces in his poems, and he sought vainly to interest his friend in the Oriental wisdom. There was also some misunderstanding at the time of Arnold's marriage ; but of these things we learn more from Mr. Lowry's notes than from the letters. These letters contain the most intimate revelation we have had of Arnold's personality and character. In them he does not trouble to write well, and he would certainly have been horrified to think that they would one day be presented to the public, edited with a reverence which abstains from occasionally desirable punctuation. They are slangy, incoherent, once or twice even shocking ! Not nearly so good, as letters, as those which he wrote during the same period to his own family. Yet there are wonderful things in them. More than once he speaks already in that assured tone with which he was presently to arrest general attention. There is the passage, already widely quoted, in which he formulates his ideal of a modern poetry which instead of existing as poetry only should "include religion," and "become a complete *magister vitae*." A change comes over him after his marriage : thenceforth he writes without raillery and with his whole heart and mind.

This little book is a real achievement. It adds an important fragment to the list of Matthew Arnold's writings, and deepens our sympathetic interest in that ever-attractive man.

JOHN EGLINTON

NEW NOVELS

Mandoa, Mandoa ! By WINIFRED HOLTBY. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Seventh Age. By JEAN SCHLUMBERGER. Translated by DOROTHY BUSSY. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Vipers' Tangle. By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. Translated by WARRE B. WELLS. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Chocolate. By ALEXANDER TARASOV-RODIONOV. Translated by A. MALAMUTH. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Many Happy Returns. By RICHARD STRACHEY. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Seven by Seven. By HANS DUFFY. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Unlike most new novels, *Mandoa, Mandoa !* is not a work of genius, but a book which any intelligent adult is likely to enjoy. The scene is laid in a hitherto unexplored African principality, nominally Christian but savagely negro, as it were a more backward Abyssinia. An enterprising rival of Mr. Thomas Cook decides to exploit its offness from the beaten track, the less conservative natives do their bit by staging a coronation and a royal wedding, and Europe sends to Mandoa a dreariness of diplomatists, a brigandage of business men, a querulity of reformers and a brightness of young people. Miss Holtby manages the movements of her numerous characters with the apparent ease of Herr Schumann controlling his Liberty Horses. The stream of narrative is skilfully varied in pace, and every bend of the river brings a surprise. The author's passionate sympathy with the oppressed is veiled in irony, she is far too clever to see life in terms of clear issues. Picturesqueness and brutality are met together ; vulgarity and progress have kissed each other. Business men are taken in by their own eyewash, humanitarians are impelled by envy and misanthropy. In this tangle of mixed motives, conflicting ideals, and disparate civilisations, Miss Holtby picks her way with constant good sense disguised as wit. Her book is satire which never becomes extravaganza. Like life, it is at the same time tragic and most amusing. Unlike life, it is never dull. Please read it.

Madame Bussy has called her distinguished translation of *Saint-Saturnin, The Seventh Age*, but the trouble with old Colombes is that in his second childishness he retained many characteristics of the third and fourth ages, amorousness, quarrelsomeness, ambition. The horror of senility is that it creeps unevenly, appetite survives performance, or judgment is submerged, while the energy to act remains. M. Schlumberger shows us the natural decomposition of old age gradually infecting the young with a less inevitable corruption. The Colombes family are decent people, but they have no clean weapons with which to fight the old man who is destroying not only their inheritance but their pride in him. A ne'er-do-well son can be shipped to a colony, a spendthrift father requires to be certified or killed. Old Colombes is at last defeated, but in this war there are no victors. M. Schlumberger has chosen a majestic subject, and made it impressive not by high language or epical pretensions but by his intelligence and French seriousness. Where a Scandinavian or an Englishman would have

attempted a saga, he has raised a monument by analysis. He is a great-grandson of Guizot, I believe, and his Protestant descent may account for the excessive severity and colourlessness of his writing. I prefer his earlier book, *Un Homme Heureux*, which has a more disquieting character, but *The Seventh Age* possesses qualities which contemporary English fiction usually lacks.

The extreme professional accomplishment of M. Mauriac's writing is likely to land him very soon in the Academie Française, and may dispose some sensitive readers against him. I think he is the most essentially a novelist of all the Frenchmen now writing novels. Gide interests us by his own mind and feelings, Jouhandeau by his alarming imagination and cruel comedy, Mauriac by his narrative, his character-drawing and his presentation of conflict. He has the advantage of being a Catholic—that is to say, he believes in the infinite importance of every human being, and in the eternal consequences of acts in time. For him every man's chastity is the battle-ground between Miltonic hosts: without faith, it is more difficult to be agitated about the location of spermatozoa. Moreover M. Mauriac, unlike most Catholic novelists, knows and expresses the full power of desire, how its intoxication momentarily turns foul to fair, and makes the repugnant irresistible. In *Vipers' Tangle* he is concerned less with lust than with a sin more widely practised, yet more frequently and severely denounced in the Gospels, the love of money. Christians and especially Protestants have rarely followed their Teacher in His estimate of the relative importance of these two sins, but M. Mauriac, like the Jansenists, is so temerarious as to take the New Testament *au pied de la lettre*. If you believe, obviously nothing—family, position, least of all money—is of importance when weighed against Eternity. There is a place in heaven for repentant sinners, none for the merely respectable, and the theme of *Vipers' Tangle* is an old atheist kept away from the Faith by the ignoble spectacle of his pious family's worldliness: the worst enemies of the Church are not the anti-God Leaguers but the conventional church-goers. On this theme M. Mauriac has constructed a most admirable and exciting novel.

Mr. Richard Strachey has tried to make a book out of the patterns formed by life, with only the spectre of a plot. He is a congenital wit, but he keeps reminding himself that though life seems comic it is futile. He is post-war, and it is often noticeable that while to people who survived the war chiefly by luck, life with all its miseries seems worth while for its own sake, the younger generation finds it cruelly meaningless, in default of a faith in either Christianity or Communism. Mr. Strachey has a keen sense of character, but he insists upon being modern. I wish novelists would realise that the inimitable Mrs. Woolf is inimitable, and that Mr. Joyce's admirers would not try to draw the bow of *Ulysses*. *Many Happy Returns* lacks body, but it is interesting. Perhaps it is best to take it as a sketch-book or rehearsal in which the author is practising before the performance of his future novels.

Chocolate is a Communist novel, and if I say it is not very good, this is evidently because I am not a member of the proletariat. But if Mr. Tarasov-Rodionov were more gifted he might succeed in infecting even a beastly bourgeois with awe, if not admiration, of the relentlessness of the Soviet system. As it is, the pride he takes in disciplined inhumanity fills me with greater nausea than the records of the Spanish Inquisition. And I feel that his characters are deceived in supposing themselves to be actuated by a love of mankind, and not by their evident hatred of Tom, Dick, and Harry. *Chocolate* is a moral tale of a Cheka official who lets his wife accept a present of some chocolate for his children (not in return for any service), and who is consequently executed for corruption with his own full approval. One can only hope that if Communism prevails, the more rigid ascetics will segregate themselves, as they usually did during the former Age of Faith, in impenetrable monasteries. Those who loathe their fellows will like this book.

Everyone who read *In England Now* will want to read *Seven By Seven*, for Hans Duffy's first book is one of the most amusing satirical novels of the century. If by chance you have not read it, do so at once. Like many second novels, *Seven By Seven* is less successful, because the author is widening her scope. The design is wide, but rather loose, and the pungent bitterness of her writing has been diluted. Heartbreak House inspires Hans Duffy with less indignation than Horseback Hall. I can recommend this novel, like the luxury advertisers, to "sophisticates," to those who "like something different," to "connoisseurs in quality." But it has nothing in common with what the Americans use these terms to boost, coloured toilet-paper to match the bath-room paint.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

INTELLECTUAL CRIME

Intellectual Crime. By JANET CHANCE. *Noel Douglas.* 5s.

Is Christianity True? A Discussion between ARNOLD LUNN and C. E. M. JOAD. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.

These two books are extremely interesting, but terribly depressing. I daresay they might be less depressing if one read Mrs. Chance's last instead of, as I did, first. Mrs. Chance's thesis is a fairly simple one. She is concerned with our intellectual standards, the standard of proof which people require for the beliefs which they adopt and profess. She argues that not only ordinary people, but our intellectual and spiritual leaders, show a lamentable lack of intellectual standards, that they again and again profess and teach intellectual beliefs for which they have no adequate proof and which they have acquired unsoundly, and that to treat truth with this levity is an intellectual crime. Her book reminds one in some ways of M. Benda's *La Trahison des Clercs*, though it is of course written from a different angle. M. Benda maintains that in the last fifty years or so there has been an almost wholesale betrayal of the truth by "les clercs," a word which in English one can only translate by "the intellectuals." He is concerned with politics, with the nationalist, patriotic, and class emotions to which intellectuals of all countries now pander, betraying the intellectual standards of such men as Voltaire and Renan. Mrs. Chance covers a wider field; she deals with the betrayal of truth in politics and economics, but she is more concerned with intellectual crime in religious belief. She maintains that religious creeds are intellectual crimes and that parents, teachers, clergymen, public bodies like the B.B.C., and many intellectuals are continually inculcating upon the young the acceptance of beliefs, e.g., about God and the universe, for which they give and have no evidence, and that they are thereby continually debasing the standards of intellectual morality.

Ignorance and prejudice are so potent, the vested interests in untruth are so powerful, and the human mind still finds so much comfort in mumbo-jumbo and so much uneasiness and dissatisfaction in truth, that one cannot expect Mrs. Chance's book to have any influence. One hopes that it will be read by a great

Clifford Bax

A Study of Religion and Sex.

THAT IMMORTAL SEA

YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS: *"Mr. Clifford Bax has advanced, but not extremist views upon the future of religion and sexual morality, and he presents in simple language a number of ideas likely to be new and stimulating to many people."*

J. C. SQUIRE: *"An ambitious enterprise undertaken in a modest manner. Mr. Bax writes a pure, clear, melodious prose, quite free from mannerisms, a refreshing thing in an age when most prose writers seem to lack ears."*—SUNDAY TIMES

BIRMINGHAM MAIL: *". . . a nobly courageous book which cannot be read without deep respect, whatever our views of the solution Mr. Bax puts forward. It is also a profoundly interesting book, since Mr. Bax has based it on a particularly brilliant analysis of the present state of public opinion."*

★

Psychology **7/6 nett**

LOVAT DICKSON

many people, but one knows instinctively that those who agreed with it before they read it will still agree with it afterwards and those who didn't wont. Even if we cannot give any adequate proof for believing that a dream in the head of some semi-civilised human beings two thousand, four thousand, ten thousand years ago, was a divine revelation of truth about sin and the universe, we shall still be able to find any number of reasons for believing in it and for taking our own private belief out of Mrs. Chance's category of "intellectual crime." The more I meditate upon the ways of God and men, the more tenuous does our hold appear to me to be upon any absolute truth, and I know of no facts—and those only the most unimportant—which merit a stronger assertion than that "it seems to me that this may probably be true." When, therefore, a scientist tells me that he *knows* that the nature of the universe is such and such, or a religious person tells me that he *knows* that God exists and that his nature is such and such, I listen to them with the same awe and astonishment as I would to an earthworm if it suddenly popped its little head out from under one of my rose trees and began explaining to me that he *knew* the mysteries of the universe.

Consequently I found a certain amount of exhilaration in reading Mrs. Chance's homily, for the less certain one becomes of knowing the truth oneself, the more one respects the truth. There is, too, a good deal of exhilaration to be got from reading the other book, though in the end it left me with a sense of profound depression. It is exhilarating in the same way that a good dog fight or a well-fought rugger match is exhilarating. Mr. Lunn and Mr. Joad are very vigorous and skilful controversialists, and as a mere spectacle or display their discussion of Christianity is extremely entertaining. But from Mrs. Chance's point of view it is lamentable. For if there were really any intellectual standards in human beings to-day, this controversy could not possibly have taken place or this book have been published. Mr. Lunn's good faith is obvious; he is a man of very wide reading and of considerable intellectual acuteness. He maintains that the truth of the fact that Jesus Christ is God and that Jesus Christ rose from the dead can be proved by reason, and he professes to prove it in this discussion. Mr. Joad denies the truth of these two statements and three hundred and eighty pages are devoted to the controversy. At the end I cannot see that one single word that Mr. Lunn said has influenced Mr. Joad, or one single word that Mr. Joad said has influenced Mr. Lunn. Could this possibly have been the result if there were any intellectual standards of truth in our minds to-day? If you doubt whether this be the explanation, read Mr. Lunn's defence of the authenticity of the Gospels and his explanation of why he accepts as proved the account of the Resurrection, and then consider the *standard of proof* which he has in his mind and the kind of proof which he is prepared to accept for such stupendous "facts." If the earthworm popping its head out of the earth used the same kind of proofs to establish the absolute truth of the worm's conception of the universe, one would not be shocked or surprised, but when it comes to a human being of intelligence and education in the twentieth century behaving in this way, it makes one feel a little depressed.

LEONARD WOOLF

AFGHANISTAN

The Tragedy of Amanullah. By SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH. *Ouseley.* 18*s.*

From the days of Alexander's invasion Afghanistan has known many masters—Greeks, Turkis, Hindus, Arabs, Persians, Mongols, Seljuks. Even in the last phase, when an Afghan line reigned in Kabul, it was not quite sovereign; it was in the pay of, and its foreign relations were controlled by, Great Britain. This book is the story of the final emancipation—a tragedy indeed for Amanullah, but a melodrama for Afghanistan.

Amanullah seized the throne in 1929 on the murder of his father, the Ameer Habibullah. He was at first the darling of the army, the priests and the people. He was pledged to free his country from foreign domination, and in that, after a little fighting and a great deal of diplomatic haggling, he succeeded. But he was not the stuff of which great rulers are made. Vain, tricky, autocratic, and full of half-baked ideas of progress, he set about to destroy the popularity he had won. His personal behaviour and his corrupt administration gave offence to many of his subjects, and his ambitious programme of reforms provoked widespread resistance among a profoundly conservative people. It was a programme which let nothing alone. Finance, the army, religion, the land, public health, education, all were to be reorganised and regulated. Afghanistan was to be modernised with telegraph and telephone, wireless and aviation, and, last and most shocking of all, with new social customs that included the enforcement of European dress and the unveiling of women. Much of this was sound enough, from our point of view at least; but the pace was too hot and the methods too brusque for the Afghan tribesmen and nobles and priests. When Amanullah departed on his foreign tour (of which Londoners in particular have some diverting memories), he left his country in a state of ferment. On his return, early in 1929, it broke into open rebellion. He was forced to abdicate and take refuge in India. His brother, Inayatullah, held the throne but a few hours before being turned out by the robber chief Bacha Saquo, who himself, after an infamous reign of eight or nine months, was destroyed by his present Majesty, Mohammed Nadir Shah Ghazi.

All this grim tale is told by our author with immense verve, in a style that sometimes takes liberties with the English language, but is never either obscure or dull. Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah is not only an ardent lover of his country, but a friend and admirer of ours, and when he occasionally criticises British policy he does it fairly enough. On the character and customs and traditions of the Afghans he is, of course, an authority, though other authorities may differ from him on this point or that. To us Laodiceans Afghanistan appears to stand high in the scale of religious fanaticism; but Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah demurs to this. He admits, indeed, that his countrymen, "as Sunni, are pious and strict," and that the Mullahs, or clergy, exert a potent, and an anti-progressive, influence. But that, he thinks, has its advantages, and in particular the advantage of keeping up the martial spirit of the Afghans—which is an important safeguard for the independence of a nation shut in between two great empires. (It does not mean, we are assured, that Afghanistan under its new ruler has any designs of aggression or expansion.) On the bigger problem of harmonising East and West he is profoundly sceptical. He has seen Asia toying with the ideas and practices of Europe. Yet for all the encroachments of occidentalism in Japan, in India, in Egypt, in Mustapha Kemal's Turkey, he believes that East still is East, and West is West, and that whatever may appear on the surface, at bottom there is no mutual understanding, but contempt or mistrust of the other's way of life. There are grounds, no doubt, for this view, and force in some of the arguments that are used to support it. But the matter is not settled by the facile generalisation which labels the East "mystic" and the West "materialist," and takes it as axiomatic that the twain can never meet.

C. M. L.

PARIS ANATOMISED

The Waiting City: Paris 1782-88. BEING AN ABRIDGEMENT OF LOUIS-SÉBASTIEN MERCIER'S "TABLEAU DE PARIS." Translated and edited by HELEN SIMPSON. *Harrap.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is likely that to many who regard themselves with justice as tolerably well read the name of Louis-Sébastien Mercier is little more than a name—if even that. He has his place in the history of the French theatre, but it is less for the sake of his own plays than because of his militant attitude towards the plays of others. For he dared to attack the heroic tragedy as practised not only by his contemporaries, Crébillon, whom he respected, and Voltaire, whom he detested, but by the elder gods, Racine and Corneille; and the result was a resounding quarrel with the Comédie Française.

Mercier was, in fact, very prone to quarrel. As a member of the Convention he fell foul of Robespierre, though without the probable result: he was to live—"from sheer curiosity"—to see the end, or as near it as made no matter, of the Napoleonic adventure.

All this, however, would be little worth recalling had he not written *Le Tableau de Paris*. That book is his one and sufficient passport to fame. It has, or parts of it have, in supreme degree the chief quality which makes a book worth reading; which is readability. But being in twelve volumes, two thousand chapters and half a million words, it is hardly readable in its entirety by a leisureless generation. Nor, perhaps, by any other. Miss Helen Simpson tells us that it contains "much repetition, some rhetoric, a deal of fine writing for fine writing's sake," besides much that has lost, for us, all savour of interest. She is to be thanked for having cut away the dead wood, preserving for our delectation a manageable yet ample residue.

FICTION

Tiger Juan — RAMÓN PÉREZ DE AYALA

'A novel of experiment and ideas, as original in its fashion as *Mrs. Dalloway* or *Point Counterpoint* and free from the sourness, acidity and glitter of disintergreation which have accompanied modern experiment. The idyllic and the grotesque, the saintly and the sardonic, the passionate and the critical are harmonised by a novelist of brains, who delights in fireworks, casuistry and dialetic.' V. S. PRITCHETT in the *New Statesman and Nation* 7s. 6d. *net*

The Torrents of Spring — ERNEST HEMINGWAY

'A synopsis will not suggest in Hemingway's high-spirited and adroit handling of manner and detail. Though in a sense a special parody, much of *The Torrents of Spring* may be enjoyed as a parody of badness common to a good deal of contemporary fiction: incidentally it is amusing to note that in manner it is sometimes a parody of Mr. Hemingway himself.' *The Times* With an Introduction by DAVID GARNETT 5s. *net*

All Night at Mr Stanyhurst's — HUGH EDWARDS

'A drama of pity and horror, a tale within a tale. The sailor's story enshrines an exquisite idyll of pure love . . . I maintain that here is probably a little masterpiece and certainly a *tour de force*. As far as my reading goes it is the best long story or short novel since Conrad.' JAMES AGATE in the *Daily Express*. 5s. *net*.

Two of a Kind — ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

A first novel. Taut in style, written with strong and disciplined feeling; the characterisation very good, especially of the women. An absorbing and stimulating book. 7s. 6d. *net*

The Charles Men — VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM

'An unusual book on your list. It is an exquisite and rare work. It has a good deal of the quality of a frieze in sculpture, and the conversations so odd. I've read nothing else like it.' COLONEL T. E. LAWRENCE. 8s. 6d. *net*

A Winter Journey — a country novel — ALEC BROWN

'Mr. Brown evokes not only a finely satisfying picture of the lovely reality of English country life but also a profound sense of the depth and richness of the common, fundamental human emotions. Here is the universal truth revealed in the particular. Mr. Brown carries illumination of his characters to that point where understanding finally ousts judgment, which is almost the highest achievement the novelist can strive for. A story of first and lasting quality.' *Yorkshire Post* 7s. 6d. *net*

Vagabond Flag — sixteen tales — ESSEX BROOKE

'It is a necessary refreshment to meet with such a faculty of glad and confident receptiveness.' EDMUND BLUNDEN.

'Essex Brooke has an ear for the finer vibrations of the spirit. The perfect adjustment of phrasing the variety and fine restraint of method promise much for the future.' *Morning Post* 7s. 6d. *net*

JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

And what is left really is delectable, besides having high historic value. Mercier was a master of actuality. Two of his chapters—and the encomium might have been extended, with an occasional change of epithet, to most of those (and they are near a hundred) which Miss Simpson has translated—Arnold Bennett praised as "perfectly wonderful illustrations of how, exactly, that light, descriptive, worldly, witty, higher-journalism kind of thing ought to be done." No doubt Bennett recognised a kindred spirit, as would have Defoe; though in temper Mercier was perhaps nearer akin to Hazlitt than to either of them. His mood was as often sombre as light, and his wit was astringent.

He did not pretend to detachment. He was a humanitarian in a world where inhumanity abounded, a moralist in the midst of depravity, a republican at a time when, though it was near its end, the royal power was absolute and most foully abused. But that does not make him the less a realist. The evils which he described were real enough. He was neither an indiscriminate *laudator temporis acti* nor an unpractical visionary. He found many things in being to admire and such reforms as he suggested were moderate and reasonable. His fairness of mind is, indeed, conspicuous; and if he sometimes wears a disgruntled air placidity comes less easily to him who recognises that the world is out of joint than to him whose view is that all is for the best in it.

But most (not all) of the abuses which angered Mercier are things of the past, and we can read his book for its vivid objectivity and the clear illumination it casts on an alien society. In that last respect its value is almost unique. "No other writer gives us the garrets," as Miss Simpson says in comment on someone's objection that Mercier "could describe a house's gutter and its garrets, but invariably missed out the *salon*." To this encyclopaedic and scrupulous observer nothing was common or unclean; or, rather, the common and unclean were at least as important as the exceptional and the exquisite. So in his variegated pages the whole Paris of his day, from the dandy to the rag-picker, from the fantastic pleasure-house of the Palais Royal to the loathsome dungeons of Bicêtre, passes before our eyes as in one of those "documentary" films which the Film Society is so fond of showing. And, as in those films, the prostitute is never long out of the picture.

Miss Simpson has done her job to perfection. She has most admirably reproduced the terse and trenchant prose of her original, and her notes are as interesting as the text. Designed for the most part to offer parallels or point contrasts between French custom and English, they display an unusual knowledge of the by-ways of social history and a skill in presenting it which it is to be hoped that Miss Simpson's talent for fiction will not persuade her to neglect.

FRANCIS BICKLEY

THE DIARY OF A CARDBOARD "ACE"

Death in the Air. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The reader may open this book, for a first breathless perusal, with the feeling that here at last is a great human document of the war; one which has fixed the deeds, thoughts and mental processes of a heroic British pilot, fighting over the Western front from the spring of 1917 till he met his own death just before the end. It consists of an undated day-to-day diary of fighting in the air, and closely related events on the ground, supported by a series of photographs taken, by means of a Bowden control connecting the shutter of the camera with the trigger of his Vickers gun, at the actual instant the author came into action. Nothing like this has ever been seen, or heard of, before. It is the living truth of aerial combat, the actuality, and it grips the reader, whether knowledgeable about such things or not, at the heart-strings, reviving half-forgotten memories good and bad which well-nigh embrace the full range of feeling.

That is after the first hurried, breathless perusal. But later, as the mind continues to dwell on the vivid memories thus evoked, a measure of doubt creeps in. Is it, can it be, possible that the whole thing is but a brilliantly executed "leg-pull"? But that were unthinkable. Surely no one could be so base as to dupe the many still living to whom the memory of this phase of the war will always be tender or bitter or sad? It would be heartless, an infamy almost. Are there, then, grounds for doubting the authenticity of this remarkable collection? Alas, there are many. The arguments which have been advanced against the genuineness of the document are so many and so strong, largely from fighting pilots themselves, that the owner, Mrs. Cockburn-Lange, owes it to herself to reveal the name of the author, whom she states to be her first husband. Considering that he fell in his last air-fight no reason of modesty exists for withholding it. Another reason she advances is that an officer still serving was his confederate in the breach of strict regulation which the taking of unauthorised pictures in the time of war involved. But on November 30th last Sir Philip Sassoon, on behalf of the Air Ministry in the House of Commons, proclaimed an amnesty for such an offence. Again, why have not the Imperial War Museum, or the Air Ministry, seized the opportunity to acquire for the nation this unsurpassable record? Can it be because Sir Philip Sassoon added to his former remark, on the same occasion, that he would not like to say that he considered the photographs genuine? After this, to perpetuate anonymity is alone sufficient to engender doubt. As a matter of fact, to anyone with first-hand knowledge of aerodrome life at the front, it is impossible that the diarist's name should not be widely known in spite of his identity being withheld. His reputation as a successful air-fighter must have been immense. The camera contraption, looted from a derelict enemy 'plane, which he hung about his own machine in defiance of all regulation, was far too bulky and obvious not to have caused widespread comment, which would have resounded from squadron to squadron as pilots came and went on exchange or transfer. There were too many people, confessedly, in the know for such a remarkable photographic collection to have remained secret in the diarist's lifetime, and particularly after his death. The exploit would have been in every mouth, and the echo must have reached headquarters.

It is on the genuineness, or otherwise, of the pictures, of course, that the whole question rests, for the diary is obviously contrived to write up the pictures, instead of the pictures corroborating the diary. Unfortunately they are the most easily faked of all, as anyone with the slightest knowledge of flying or photography can tell who has seen *Hell's Angels*, or *Wings*, or any other Hollywood effort in the same line. The most lifelike effects can be produced from cardboard models within the four walls of a studio. Many matters of detail could be mentioned to throw further doubt on the authenticity, which even the publishers take care not to guarantee: but enough has been said.

L. E. O. CHARLTON

RICH & COWAN

WHERE STANDS
SOCIALISM
TO-DAY?

Replies by

Sir Stafford Cripps
S. K. Ratcliffe
Harold Laski
Hugh Dalton
A. L. Rowse
BERNARD SHAW

3s. 6d. net

27 MAIDEN LANE . STRAND
LONDON

Everyman's Library

894 VOLS. 2/- NET

Some of the 500 Authors

Aristotle
Jane Austen
Balzac
Blackmore
Wm. Blake
Boccaccio
Borrow
Boswell
The Brontës
Browning
Bunyan
Burns
Byron
Carlyle
Carroll
Cervantes
Chaucer
Coleridge
Cowper
Dante
Darwin
Dickens
Donne
Dostoevsky
Dumas
Eliot
Euripides
Fielding
Flaubert
Gibbon
Goethe
Goldsmith
Grimm
Hawthorne
Hazlitt
Homer
Hugo
Huxley
Ibsen
Dr. Johnson
Ben Jonson
Keats
Lamb
Longfellow
Macaulay
Milton
Molière
Montaigne
Pepys
Plato
E. A. Poe
Pope
Rabelais
Rousseau
Ruskin
Scott
Shakespeare
Shelley
Sheridan
Socrates
Spenser
Sterne
Stevenson
Swift
Tennyson
Thackeray
Tolstoi
Trollope
Turgenev
Voltaire
Wordsworth

'Our standard collection of literary classics' —Times Literary Suppt.

★ FIVE NEW VOLS.

Imaginary Conversations & Poems LANDOR
'My admiration for Landor is without limit.'—*George Moore.* Havelock Ellis writes the Introduction to this selection.

Euclid's Elements
'A true entertainer, well ahead of fiction and thrillers.' — *John o' London's.* Introduction by Sir Thomas L. Heath, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., F.R.S.

Thus Spake Zarathustra
NIETZSCHE'S famous exaltation of the Superman, in a brilliant English translation. Introduction by Ernest Rhys.

THE **True Christian Religion**
SWEDENBORG
The last and crowning work of the great scientist-philosopher. New translation, in one volume of 960 pages, with Introduction by Helen Keller.

A Poetry Book for Boys & Girls
A delightful anthology for older children, as well as for any poetry lover. Edited by Guy Pocock.

★ AMONG RECENT VOLUMES are Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (3 vols.); Samuel Butler's *Erewhon and Erewhon Revisited* (1 vol.), the cheapest edition obtainable; an omnibus Oscar Wilde volume; and *Capital* (2 vols.) by Karl Marx, who died just 50 years ago.

★ SEND to Dent, Bedford St., London, W.C.2, for a free descriptive catalogue of these and nearly 900 other volumes.

CAMBRIDGE

NOW READY

EDDINGTON

The Expanding Universe

3/6 NET

Edmund Spenser

By B. E. C. DAVIS

The poetry of Spenser represents the meeting between the old world and the new, and in this critical study, the author has considered him first as the New Poet of that English Renaissance which sprang from the union of classical and medieval culture, and secondly, as the Poet's Poet, prescribing by example to his successors a grammar of poetry that has withstood the test of time.

12/6 *net*

Three French Dramatists

Racine, Marivaux, Musset

By ARTHUR TILLEY

These three great dramatists have this in common. They are all chiefly concerned with the careful and faithful portrayal of passion and character; all three have a strong dramatic sense; they all possess a style which is at once individual and of great distinction and charm. Their genius for what we call psychology and their high regard for form should make them acceptable to readers of the modern novel. This survey of their drama is therefore as comprehensive as possible. Biographical details are noted only in so far as they throw light on their dramatic development.

12/6 *net*

The Mediterranean in the Ancient World

By J. HOLLAND ROSE

The author explains the natural advantages favouring early man in his long struggle with the sea and points out the salient facts in the development of the ship. 'Rome,' he writes, 'is the only State of antiquity which deserves to rank as a great and efficient sea power. Accordingly, I have traced in some detail her maritime progress. How greatly the influence of Rome rested on sea control has, I believe, never been adequately set forth; and to contrast it with the relatively weak and fitful efforts of earlier peoples is my chief object.'

Illustrated. 8/6 *net*

The World of Man

A prose anthology on new lines chosen by L. J. CHENEY, designed to illustrate the great themes of history from the works of the great historians, English and Classical.

"It is a volume of most uncommon stimulation."
The Observer

7/6 *net*

UNIVERSITY PRESS

SHORTER NOTICES

Stable Money: The Remedy for the World Economic Crisis. By DR. ROBERT EISLER. *Search Publishing Co.* 15s.

Dr. Robert Eisler is an indefatigable propagandist for his scheme of monetary reform, which is in fact an amalgamation of at least three different schemes. He is an opponent of the gold standard, and an advocate of inflation as a means of ending the economic crisis; but, convinced that ordinary inflation brings an inevitable collapse in its train, however powerfully it may act as an immediate stimulus to industry, he urges instead a plan of "controlled inflation" based on international agreement either over the world as a whole or, failing that, among the countries of the Empire and those which have pegged their currencies to sterling. This group, he holds, could build up a self-contained economic system of their own, based on mutual holdings of foreign exchange, which could serve as a basis for the increased issues of credit required to raise their prices to a profitable level. But such a scheme, Dr. Eisler holds, will not be adopted by consent if it threatens the creditor classes with the loss of a substantial part of their real incomes, or wage-earners with a fall in real wages. He therefore proposes to institute two distinct kinds of money—current money to be used in paying wages and small accounts, and bank money, in which all bank deposits and creditor claims will be measured. Between these two kinds of money there will be a rate of exchange, not fixed, but fluctuating as prices change; and bank money will be equivalent not to a weight of gold, but to a fixed amount of retail purchasing power. Creditors and wage-earners will be entitled to a fixed return in bank money, and therefore to a variable return in current money—in other words, to a fixed real income. Prices of particular goods will be left free to fluctuate; but when the general level of prices has been raised to the "optimum" by new creation of money, wholesale prices in general will be kept reasonably stable by the manipulation of Bank Rate and by open market policy. Entrepreneurs will have to pay more in real wages and interest charges as prices rise than they would under ordinary inflation; but they will be more then recouped by the fall in standing charges as turnover increases and by the expansion of business.

Dr. Eisler's scheme has obvious attractions; but would it work? Does it involve that wage-earners shall not demand increased real wages? Would a rise of prices in terms of current money stimulate industry if prices could not rise in bank money, which would be the employer's unit of account? Is a system of mutual pegging of exchanges on a lasting basis really so simple a matter as he suggests, unless all the countries save one are prepared to follow the monetary policy of that one as acknowledged leader? Would not the proposed system, whereby the current rate of exchange between bank money and current money would have to be calculated for every purchase in a shop, impose far too much strain on the public patience and mathematical faculty? Do we really want to guarantee the creditor classes the present grossly inflated purchasing power of their money claims? There is much that is excellent in Dr. Eisler's account of the financial happenings of the past few years, and in his criticisms of rival plans for ending the depression. But is not his own plan fantastically improbable as a subject of international agreement (he admits that it could not be worked by a single country), as well as open to serious question on economic grounds?

Louis Philippe, King of the French. By CATHERINE GAVIN. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Miss Gavin has written a very clear and sensible if occasionally too gnomic sketch of Louis Philippe, which is to be recommended heartily as a corrective to the low opinion which is too often taken in England of this remarkable prince. Miss Gavin brings out well the fundamental error of his reign. His peace policy, boldly pursued, cannot be too highly commended, but he made no attempt to balance it with a spirited social policy at home, which would have prevented France from getting "bored." "Nothing doing," either in France or elsewhere, eventually reduced the reign to a Byzantine stiffness which could appeal to nobody. Miss Gavin underestimates perhaps the internal confusion of the first ten years of the King's reign, in which he was, as a historian has named him, *le roi des barricades*. Again, Miss Gavin, intent on Guizot's admirable work as foreign minister and economic leader, hardly lays enough stress on the sterility and corruption of his parliamentary life and his absurd stiffness about even a moderate parliamentary reform, which would probably have saved the monarch if it could not save the dynasty. But the policy of the tight-rope cannot perhaps be indefinitely successful. Miss Gavin writes freshly on the affair of the Spanish marriages and on Louis Phillippe as the artificer of the Entente Cordiale. This is a useful little book.

So This is Poland. By F. W. VON OERTZEN. Translated by R. T. CLARK. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

This book was written primarily for German readers, its purpose being to give a sensational account of the treatment by the Poles of minorities, and especially those of German origin, within frontiers which have been extended and held by aggression. The author complains that Polish history is wrongly taught in Germany so that the Polish point of view is misunderstood, but he himself omits to mention that the present Polish de-Germanising policy, inexcusable as it may be, is not very different from the old Germanising policy in Posen. The European stage is slowly being set for a conflict about the Polish Corridor, and it is interesting to see how popular feeling in Germany is being worked up by books such as this. Charges of atrocity are glibly brought by an impressionistic journalist with all the arts of picturesque writing, and only an experienced reader is able to disentangle the skilfully interwoven fact from fancy.

by
BARBARA
WOOTTON

TWOS
&
THREES

six
stories

just
published
by
GERALD
HOWE

7s 6d

About Motoring

THE PRICE OF BEAUTY

I HAVE just been driving what some good British judges have deigned to hail as the handsomest car in the world. As it, further, costs no more than £325, and has a most vivacious road performance, it is quite obviously a most desirable vehicle in the eyes of many owners. Known as the S.S.1, it consists of a very special Standard chassis designed to meet the requirements of a firm of coach-builders who were inspired by laudable ambitions to produce a beautiful sports car at little more than mass-production prices. To an untutored eye this cheap British car seems to be a straight-eight Delage with a foursome coupé by that very expensive French artist, Figoni. It has yards and yards of straight-topped bonnet. A low conning tower projects from the box-like contours, with its screen precisely amidships. Astern of the blind rear lights is a capacious locker for luggage. One glance identifies the vehicle as the one and only correct buy for the honeymoon of two bright young people. A great variety of colour schemes is available, and so far the builders have not tripped up, though some of their fantasies run into garish hues indeed. On the road the car will reach seventy-five miles an hour without straining or forcing; it is an honest seventy-five, which depends neither on stern winds nor on falling grades. More important still, for those who know their road lore, the car will do an equally honest sixty on its third gear, thereby simplifying and safeguarding all hurried overtaking, and reducing ordinary hills to the semblance of level ground. More important still, the car is quite phenomenally low hung. Its running-boards are actually lower than many kerbs; and a cynical observer remarked that if ever he ran over anybody he would choose to do it with an S.S.1, for they could not possibly survive to give evidence against him at a police

Desmond MacCarthy starts a new quarterly causerie in its March LIFE AND LETTERS

Out next week in new cover

are you thinking....

about a life policy? If so, you should read the booklet "Family Income." It describes a policy which, specially planned for the young married man, meets to-day's particular needs. Write for a copy now.

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

THE HALL MARK OF STERLING QUALITY IN MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE

Write to the Secretary
Head Office:
9, ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH 2
London Offices: 28, CORNHILL, E.C.3
Telephone: Mansion House 90[illegible], and
17 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.1
Telephone: Whitehall 6041

PARAMOUNT IN PUBLICITY IN INDIA AND THE EAST.

The STATESMAN looks at the life of India as no other newspaper can. In POLITICS, SPORT, MANNERS, MODES, it is so far the acknowledged leader of the newspaper-reading public of India that other journals—daily, weekly or of any other description—are left completely behind.

To those who seek trade in India the advertisement columns of the STATESMAN offer the only sure road to success.

STATESMAN HOUSE
—One of the most modern and best equipped newspaper offices in the world—just opened in Calcutta

For rates, etc., apply to the leading Advertising Agents in London, the Continent and America, or to:
C. R. C. NIXON
23-28, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

The Statesman

CALCUTTA DELHI BOMBAY LAHORE

SIMULTANEOUS PUBLICATION IN CALCUTTA AND DELHI

court. The fuel consumption is twenty miles to the gallon, which is excellent for a sports car. The silence furnishes a fine imitation of the plutocratic vehicles. The flush brow of the conning tower enters the wind noiselessly, and until quite high speeds are attained there is no perceptible sound beyond the sizz of the tyres on the road; and even this mild annoyance is, I am told, to be eliminated by the invention of treads which kiss their tarmac inaudibly. Thanks to the low build, tenacious springs, and a good steering layout, the cornering is safe and easy, even at speed. I took it along a notoriously twisty road devoid of hedges, where most men are content with an average of twenty miles an hour; but the S.S.1 sways so little that it can be hurtled along this route at thirty-five, for a touch of the fine brakes at each kink in the black strip sends it round effortlessly. When I dismounted, I was simply bursting with covetousness. Yet I have not bought the car. This beauty and this imperious suggestion of aristocracy in a hurry can only be had at a price. The price may appear small to some folk, but it was too high for me. I am not thinking of the perfectly contemptible sum charged in sterling for the car, but of certain associated discomforts. This squat conning tower actually houses four seats. They are excellent seats. Once a quartet of ten- or even eleven-stone people are ensconced inside, the comfort is extreme, for the upholstery is of the lush, deep-springed type. No! It is the ensconcing which causes the bother. The conning tower has but two doors. When they are opened they are largely blocked by the side elevation of the luscious fauteuils provided for the two superior folk who sit in front. True, they slide fore and aft, while their thick backs may be tilted, so that the rear passengers may enter without too fierce a display of acrobatics. But neither ingress nor exit can possibly be easy or dignified; and if the car were rolled over through too eager a speeding, I do not see how the rear occupants could ever be extricated save with the aid of axes; and to wield an axe on this gorgeous coachwork would be sacrilege indeed. For larger people, the car is much less attractive. I put a man of 6ft. 2in. in the driving fauteuil. He adjusted its slide to suit his clutch control, and there was a gap of precisely 4in. between the back of his fauteuil and the front edge of the cushion on the seat behind him. Fancy then endowed him with a corpulent wife, and we persuaded a lady answering this description to occupy the other fauteuil. There was room for them both, but the lever of the hand brake pressed against her ample thigh. None of these facts will appear in the lovely booklet which advertises the car, nor will they be emphasised in the reports of press trials published in other journals. But they explain why so lovely and rapid a car does not instantly monopolise the £300 car market. And they point the moral, that it is unwise to buy any car until you have seen it, and even then until you have further arranged inside it the sort of crew which will be typical of its journeyings.

Since dimensions are especially important with a car of this type, a few shall be appended. The door openings measure 32½in. wide. There is 38in. between roof and seat cushions. The front seats occupy a width of 4ft., while the rear seats are one inch narrower. Both seats are 21in. from back to front, and are sharply tilted backwards, and the distance from control pedal plates to the edge of the front seats is 21in. The fauteuils can be slid along 11in. rails. With the fauteuils central there is a 10in. gap between them and the front edge of the rear seat cushions. Footwells permit a total depth of 16in. from cushion to floor for the rear passengers. It will be clear that these measurements are ample for comfort when the crew are once installed, even if the crew are all good-sized persons; but that the car is not suitable for very lanky drivers, or for use by people who dislike gymnastics when entering or leaving.

The detail layout is splendid. There are double screenwipers; sunshine roof; fume-proof body with rubber sealing on the pedal ramp; tool pad in lid of luggage locker; and all necessary items are fully accessible. When the bonnet is raised the battery is discovered on top of the dashboard, so that distilled water can readily be added to the correct level. The driver can see both wings comfortably, in spite of his low seat, and, as the screen comes just ahead of the rim of the steering wheel, he enjoys a splendid view of the road, unhampered by the corner-pillars. The Swallow people are entirely responsible for the design of the car, and its popularity is such that it is now marketed in three models, one with the small Standard chassis, and another with the big 20 h.p. engine which costs an additional £10. But the 16 h.p. model is the spearpoint of the campaign, and is most warmly to be recommended for sports use by youngish people of rational physique.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 9.—ELSINORE

The Y.M.C.A. of Elsinore holds a sporting contest on the following basis:

There are six competitors and the contest lasts six days.

Each day one of the competitors acts as President and arranges five events for the other five. Points are awarded daily as follows to the winners of the five events:

To the winner of the first event	.. .. ..	1 point
" " " second "	.. .. ..	2 points
" " " third "	.. .. ..	3 "
" " " fourth "	.. .. ..	4 "
" " " fifth "	.. .. ..	5 "

At the end of each day the five competitors participating that day effect a settlement as follows: Each competitor is entitled to receive, from each competitor who has scored fewer points than he has, one ducat per point in respect of the difference in points between them. To effect these payments each competitor who, on balance, has lost points pays his net losses into a pool at the end of the day's competitions. Those who, on balance, have won points then draw their net winnings from the pool.

At the end of the week, the following results are made known:

(1) The distribution of the day's total of fifteen points was on no two days the same.

(2) The aggregate of the six days' pools could not have been smaller, having regard to (1) above.

(3) No competitor, taking the week's results as a whole, had done better than any other competitor.

(4) There had been no division of the points awarded in respect of any event.

(5) Marcellus had won* ten ducats on the day when Bernardo was President, and five ducats on the day when Osric was President.

(6) Bernardo had won five ducats on the day when Horatio was President, and had neither won nor lost on the days when Hamlet and Marcellus were Presidents.

(7) Osric had won ten ducats on two separate days and had neither won nor lost on the day when Laertes was President.

(8) Horatio had won five ducats on each of three days and had neither won nor lost on the day when Marcellus was President.

(9) Laertes had won fifteen ducats on the day when Hamlet was President and ten ducats on the day when Bernardo was President.

(10) Hamlet on one day won twenty ducats.

*In (5) to (10) inclusive, *wins* refer to *wins on balance.*

Who was President on the day when Hamlet won twenty ducats, and how did Hamlet fare, and who was President, on each of the other days when he competed?

PROBLEM 7.—KAFFIRS

The "hand" given to Guggelheimer is:

♠ 5 3 ♥ 6 5 4 3 ♦ 6 7 8 2 5 3 4 ♣ —

Interpretation:

SPADES 5 3	*i.e.*	E A
1 2 3 4 5 6		
HEARTS 6 5 4 3	*i.e.*	S T R A
1 2 3 4 5 6		
DIAMONDS 6 7 8 2 5 3 4	*i.e.*	N D S I O A M
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8		

Hence "East Rands 10 a.m."

All answers are accepted which include these four words.

PROBLEM 6.—BARBARA'S LITTLE FLUTTER

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to:

I. S. G. Matthews, Balliol College, Oxford.

On the cumulative point basis, seven points are awarded for this problem. Mr. Shovelton, as composer of the problem, receives an award of twelve points.

There were 133 correct and twenty-nine incorrect solutions.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM-SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of December 24th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

CALIBAN

PEARL
ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.
HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

SUMMARY OF THE SIXTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1932.

INCOME.	LIFE BRANCHES. Premium Income	**£12,099,758**
	FIRE AND ACCIDENT BRANCHES. Premium Income	**£752,083**
	TOTAL INCOME £15,808,961	
CLAIMS.	LIFE BRANCHES. The Life Claims and Matured Endowments paid and outstanding numbered 323,759 and amounted with Bonuses to	**£5,648,290**
	FIRE AND ACCIDENT BRANCHES. Claims paid and outstanding amounted to	**£433,059**
	TOTAL CLAIMS PAID £78,257,264	
FUNDS.	INCREASE IN FUNDS	**£4,750,289**
	TOTAL FUNDS £73,420,038	
BONUS.	ORDINARY BRANCH. A simple Reversionary Bonus has been declared on Pearl Policies entitled to participate in full profits at the rate of	**£2 - 0 - 0** per cent.
	INDUSTRIAL BRANCH. To provide Reversionary Bonuses on Policies, with certain exceptions, effected before 1st January, 1926, a sum has been set aside amounting to	**£536,869**

GEORGE TILLEY,
Chairman.

I APPEAL

to the men and women of our Empire to give generously in support of this great service — the Life-Boats. I appeal not only as President of the Institution, but as Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets.

Edward P

Every year the Life-Boat Service needs 1,000,000 contributions of 5/- each.

WILL YOU SEND 5/- TO-DAY ?

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. SAPTERTHWAITE, O.B.E. Secretary.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

BUMPUS

STOCKTAKING SALE

GOOD BOOKS

WITHDRAWN FROM OUR STOCK ARE OFFERED AT
REDUCED PRICES
IN THE SPECIAL DISPLAY
NOW OPEN ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

JOHN & EDWARD BUMPUS Ltd.
Booksellers to H.M. the King,
350 Oxford Street, London, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 3601.

BOOKS

A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION to any address in the world costs 30s. 0d. for one year, 15s. 0d. for six months, 7s. 6d. for three months, all post free, and should be addressed to the Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

10 FOR 8d.
20 FOR 1/4
50 FOR 3/3
Handmade
20 FOR 1/6
Also obtainable in other packings

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the *Three Castles*"
THE VIRGINIANS

WILLS'S
THREE CASTLES
CIGARETTES

WZ124A

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

BUYING GOLD—SINO-JAPANESE BONDS AS WAR RISKS—THOMAS TILLING—GAUMONT-BRITISH

ONE may be sure that each time the Bank of England buys gold the American press blossoms into headlines of this sort: "Chancellor Chamberlain's bluff called by Governor Norman. Bank of England's gold-buying gives low-down on Britain's supposed incapacity to pay America." That sterling should have improved in two months from 3.20 to 3.44 and that the Bank of England should have recovered the gold which we paid America (£19½ millions) are facts which certainly require explanation. But we need not be afraid of the explanation. The gold acquired does not really belong to us but to the Americans. The flight from dollars into sterling—hastened perhaps by Vice-President-Elect Mr. Garner's confession that he would not know how to deposit $100,000 safely in an American bank—virtually compelled the Exchange Equalisation Fund to convert its foreign exchange assets into gold and to sell the gold against sterling to the Bank of England. By so doing it was enabled to replenish its sterling assets, which might otherwise near exhaustion, and so provide for further purchases of dollars and francs in the event of continued pressure (upward) on the pound. Gold purchases cannot, of course, be continued indefinitely, even if the influx of foreign capital goes on, unless the Exchange Equalisation Fund were to have unlimited borrowing powers. Every sale of gold to the Bank of England at the par of exchange involves the Fund in a book-keeping loss, which must be set against its sterling assets, but it is quite possible that another £20 millions of gold can be bought without causing the Fund to feel at all uncomfortable. At any rate the Government has the situation so well in hand that on Tuesday it carried out a skilful manoeuvre in the sterling-franc exchange and frightened the bulls of sterling into taking their profits. The dollar rate followed the franc rate and fell from 3.44 to 3.41½. Thus our exporters were presented with a certain improvement in their trading position, and the exchange speculators were taught a wholesome lesson. It is a great game.

* * *

Buying or selling of Japanese and Chinese bonds has become a political bet, but the economic facts should not be overlooked. First, Japan substantially improved her international trading position (largely at the expense of Lancashire) by going off the gold standard. For example, her exports in January, 1933, were 107 million yen against 70 million yen in January, 1932. Her adverse balance of visible trade last year was brought down from 130 million yen to about 60 million yen. This debit was probably offset by her shipping receipts and other items of "invisible" income from overseas. Moreover, her balances in London are said to be considerable. These facts do not point to default—at any rate on the sterling loans. On the other hand, the internal financial position is deplorable. The budget is unbalanced and increased borrowing is made inevitable by the Manchukuo campaign. The war can, of course, be financed by loans, but inflation is bound to be the result, so that the yen may depreciate to a point which makes it difficult for Japan to maintain payments on her external debt. Of course, if the League members, with American support, proceed to an economic boycott of Japan, default on the external debt follows automatically. These considerations are responsible for the selling of Japanese loans down to semi-default levels:

JAPANESE GOVERNMENT LOANS

	Int. Dates.	Price.	Annual. £ s. d.	Yield % Incl. Redn. £ s. d.
5% 1907	12 MS	54	9 11 3	12 4 3 (1947)
5½% Conversion 1930†	1/JJ	62	8 18 3	10 0 0 (1965)
			12 14 0*	13 1 0 (1965)*
South Manchuria Rly. Co. 4½% 1936 (Gtd. by Jap. Govt.) ..	1/JJ	77	5 17 9	14 10 0 (1936)
City of Tokio 5½% 1926 (Gtd. by Jap. Govt.)..	30J/31D	51	10 19 0	11 8 3

* If collected at 83.41½ per £1. † Payable in New York at 4.86⅔.

* * *

As regards Chinese Customs loans, the market shows no signs of great alarm, but I am not sure that it is wise to be too complacent. Chinese trade, it is true, is more or less acclimatised to continual war and the Customs revenues are collected by foreign officials who are responsible for the service of the loans. But if the Western powers threaten Japan with an economic boycott and Japan retaliates by seizing the Chinese Customs at one or more of the Treaty Ports, what then? China in any case may "borrow" the Customs for her war. The Chinese loans in the order of their charge on the Customs revenues are:—

CHINESE GOVERNMENT LOANS

	Int. Dates.	Price.	Annual. £ s. d.	Yield % Incl. Redn. £ s. d.
Chinese 4½% 1898 (English issue) ..	1/MS	95½	4 15 9	5 6 0 (1943)
Chinese 5% Boxer 1925–1947, payable in New York at 4.86⅔ ..	15/JJ	£96 per $500	7 12 0*	9 5 6 (1948)*
Chinese 5% 1913 (English issue) ..	1/JJ	70	7 4 3	7 14 3 (1960)

* If collected at 83.41½ per £1.

Last year the Customs revenues produced approximately 200 million Haikwan taels against 248 million Haikwan taels in 1931. The sterling equivalent of the Customs revenues last year was £18,772,000 as against £18.6 millions in 1931. This was sufficient to cover the services of the loans as follows: 1st charge 22.8 times, 2nd charge 3.1 times, 3rd charge 2.5 times. The war risk does not seem to be discounted in the China market.

* * *

I do not often recommend British industrial ordinary shares, as I consider most of them over-valued, but occasionally the price induces me to be courageous. In November last I was tempted to recommend Tate and Lyle £1 ordinary shares at 58*s.* 6*d.* They are now 66*s.* 3*d.* and are still good to hold, for dividends may be increased and there are negotiations going on to settle the quarrel between the sugar refiners and the beet sugar manufacturers. On this occasion I would call attention to Thomas Tilling £1 ordinary shares at the present price of 55*s.* 3*d.* to return a yield of £5 10*s.* 10*d.* per cent. The company has just published its 1932 report disclosing earnings of 26.6 per cent. to cover dividends of 15 per cent. As everyone knows, Thomas Tilling is engaged mainly in passenger motor transport in the provinces. The railways have a half-interest in many of the company's subsidiaries, so that the company is in a measure protected against railway legislation. The London buses of the company will be taken over by the London Passenger Transport Board, but these interests are a minor proportion of the company's assets. The balance sheet is a very conservative document. The only uncertainty in this business is the price of petrol and the petrol tax. Petrol, however, is more likely to fall in price than rise, and the chances are against an increase in the petrol tax, which is already three times the cost of the raw material.

* * *

The Gaumont-British Picture Corporation brings the "slickness" of its films into its finance. It is jumping out of 6 per cent., 6½ per cent. and 7 per cent. debentures into 4½ per cent. debentures at 98. The eyes of its "movie" cameras have never moved so fast as the eyes of its financiers. The prospectus, however, was not always in focus. For instance, it gave the profits of the company and its subsidiaries for the four years ending March, 1932; but when it came to the profits for the current year there was something in the nature of a "fade out." It is less than a month and a half before the company's financial year closes: yet the directors refuse to estimate the year's earnings. The statement that "having regard to the existing industrial conditions the earnings will be considered satisfactory" is, I take it, a hint that takings at the theatres have fallen off while earnings from successful new films have not yet accrued. Again, the assets are said to cover the 4½ per cent. debentures more than twice, but no indication is given as to what proportion is represented by freehold and leasehold properties. The market view, with which I agree, is that for a speculative business engaged in film production as well as renting and exhibition, a 4½ per cent. debenture issue at 98 is too dear. Incidentally the prospectus refers as usual to certain contracts, beginning with one between the company and Mr. Isidore Ostrer. This may be of great importance to both parties, but if any prospective shareholder presented himself at the company's office and demanded to see it, the company would not be compelled under the Companies Act to produce it. Another point for our company reformers.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. A Bit of a Test. Wed., Fri.
DRURY LANE. Wild Violets. Wed. & Sat.
DUCHESS. Children in Uniform. Wed., Sat.
GLOBE. Doctor's Orders. Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME. The One Girl. Wed., Th., S.
QUEEN'S. Once in a Lifetime. Wed., Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S. The Green Bay Tree. Tu.W.F.
WESTMINSTER. Princess in the Cage. W.S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. 6404. 8.15. Wed., Fri., 2.30.
RALPH LYNN in
A BIT OF A TEST.
By Ben Travers.

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 & 8 p.m.
BALLET,
VAUDEVILLE AND DIVERTISSEMENT.
Prices, including Tax, 1/6 to 9/-.

CROYDON REPERTORY. Fairfield 4529.
Feb. 27th, for one week, at 8 (Sat. at 2.30 and 8).
HAMLET
By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
All seats bookable, 1/6 to 3/6. Close to W. Croydon Stn.

DRURY LANE. Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat. 2.30.
HASSARD SHORT'S production of
WILD VIOLETS.
A Musical Comedy Operetta. Tem. 7171.

DUCHESS, Aldwych, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 8243 & 4.
Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. 164 PERFORMANCES.
CHILDREN IN UNIFORM.
NEW PRICES 2/- to 6/-, including tax.

GLOBE. Evgs. 8.30. Mats., W., S., 2.30. Ger. 1592.
YVONNE ARNAUD and RAYMOND MASSEY in
"DOCTOR'S ORDERS."
"MISS ARNAUD'S NEW TRIUMPH."—*D. Mail.*

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8.
Subs. 8.15. Mats., Weds., Thurs. & Sats., at 2.30.
The New Ziegfeld Musical Comedy,
THE ONE GIRL.
ALL STAR CAST.

QUEEN'S THEATRE. (Ger. 4517).
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30
BARRY JACKSON presents:—
The Birmingham Repertory Company in
ONCE IN A LIFETIME
by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Tem. Bar 1443).
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Tues., Wed. & Fri. at 2.30.
THE GREEN BAY TREE
by Mordaunt Shairp.

WESTMINSTER. (Victoria 0283). Adm. 2/5 to 10/6.
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
ANMER HALL presents:—
THE PRINCESS IN THE CAGE
by C. B. FERNALD
from "La Colombe Poignardée" by Gaston Sorbets.
BEATRIX THOMSON. REGINALD TATE.

PICTURE THEATRES

EMPIRE Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234 10 a.m.—12. p.m.
Helen HAYES Ramon NOVARRO
in **"THE SON-DAUGHTER"**
With LEWIS STONE, WARNER OLAND.

CONCERTS

CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER
BACH CHOIR.
TUES., FEB. 28th, at 8.15.
BRAHMS CENTENARY.
Programme includes THE REQUIEM
and Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in D.
ISOBEL BAILLIE. KEITH FALKNER.
Solo Violin—JELLY D'ARANYI.
LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
Conductor—REGINALD JACQUES.
Tickets, 9s., 6s., 3s. 6d., 2s., at Hall.
IBBS & TILLETT, 124 Wigmore-street, W.1.

ART GALLERIES

PHOTOGRAPHY by Kate Jacob; Gaskell; Stevens; Stega. BROOK STREET ART GALLERY. Feb. 14th–Mar. 2nd.

MISCELLANEOUS

AFTER Influenza proper nutrition is a vital necessity. "Allenburys" Diet is a perfectly balanced food containing all the essentials to hasten recovery. Send 3d. stamps for ¼ lb. trial sample. Allen and Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. NS.4), 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

L. W. PENDRED designs and builds furniture for modern homes at a moderate cost in his own workshop at 8 Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1. Chancery 7607.

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS.—Any length cut. Patterns free on stating shades desired.—JAMES STREET TWEED DEPOT, 104 Stornoway, N.B.

ARTISTS' PHOTO MODELS. Specimens 1s. Lists Free. S. T. LEON, 62 Dale St., Liverpool.

HAEMORRHOIDS (PILES)

Emkolene Ointment gives instant and lasting relief. Never fails. Simple and safe. Obtainable through Boots' and all chemists or direct from
THE EMKOLENE MFG. CO.,
FRIENDLY HOUSE, CHISWELL STREET, LONDON, E.C.1.
3s., post free in plain wrapper.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

DOROTHY CARTER'S coarse-cut bitter MARMALADE, 12 1lbs. Carr. paid 13s. Samples of six assorted preserves, including above Marmalade, 1s.—Address, Iden, Rye, Sussex.

ARTIFICIAL SUN CENTRES (West End) German lines. Indoor clublike facilities, physical exercises, games. Unique Sunday Discussion Forum. Resist coming cold sunless winter. Write Sec., BOX 143, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

BOOKPLATES, Heraldic and Pictorial, designed from £2 2s. Particulars from OSBORNE, 27 Eastcastle St., London, W.1.

"WHY I Became a Unitarian." Booklets, free. —Miss BARMBY. Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE: universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe; extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

CAR FOR SALE

AUSTIN 12 (5-seater) Tourer, perfect running order, newly covered hood and side curtains. Only two owners. £40. J. R., "Prescot," Kendall Avenue South, Sanderstead, Surrey. Purley 3192.

LECTURES

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

A course of three Lectures on "SPANISH CULTURE IN THE TIME OF THE CATHOLIC SOVEREIGNS" and "SPAIN AFTER PHILIP II" will be given (in Spanish) by DON AMERICO CASTRO (Professor of Spanish Philology in the University of Madrid, lately Spanish Ambassador to Germany) at KING'S COLLEGE (Strand, W.C.2) on FEBRUARY 27th, MARCH 1st and 3rd, at 5.30 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by Professor Antonio Pastor (Cervantes Professor of Spanish Language and Literature in the University). A fourth Lecture, also dealing with Aspects of the Period after the death of Philip II, will be delivered by Professor Castro on Monday, March 6th, at King's College, at 5.30 p.m.

A course of three Lectures on "AFRICAN LANGUAGES" will be given by PROFESSOR DR. D. WESTERMANN (Director of the International Institute of African Languages and Cultures, Berlin) at THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2) on MARCH 2nd, 3rd and 7th, at 6 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by the Right Hon. Lord Lugard, P.C., G.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.

ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.
S. J. WORSLEY,
Academic Registrar.

NEW EUROPE GROUP, 55 Gower Street, W.C.1. Monday, Feb. 27th, at 8.30 p.m.
Lecture: THE CASE FOR OPTIMISM,
by Professor J. MACMURRAY.
Admission: Members free: Non-members, 1/-.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, February 26th, at 11 a.m.
JOHN A. HOBSON, M.A.
THE MAGIC OF WORDS.

FOUR Lectures on "HEALTH AND INDUSTRY" illustrated with lantern slides, will be delivered by Sir George Newman, K.C.B., M.D., D.C.L., on February 28th and March 1st, 2nd and 3rd, 1933, at Gresham College, Basinghall Street, E.C.2, at six o'clock. Admission free.

GRAMOPHONES AND RECORDS

YOUR old gramophone or radio taken in part exchange for a new gramophone, radio-gramophone or radio—Many bargains in reconditioned instruments and radio sets, list free—Full stocks of all best records including H.M.V. Connoisseur's Catalogue and our special list of Foreign Recordings—Your unwanted records taken in part payment for New—Also 5,000 fibre-played records of classical music, including many complete works, for sale or exchange at bargain prices—Gramophones and records purchased for cash—THE GRAMOPHONE EXCHANGE, LTD., 121 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2—Four doors east of Cambridge Circus. Tel. Temple Bar 3007.

ESSENTIAL NEWS

readably surveys by countries essential world news and views.
Outstanding topics constructively treated.

FEB. 4. World Air Control
FEB. 11. Sanctions
FEB. 18. U.S.S.R. Budget
FEB. 25. Defence of China

A well-known journalist writes: "'Essential News' is exactly the paper I have been craving for. The extracts from the foreign papers seem to me most judicious and illuminating."

Fourpence Weekly—4 months' subscription 5/- post free.

Obtainable at chief bookstalls, or from the publishers

65 Portland Place, London, W.1

THIRTY-TWO CLUB PUBLIC LUNCH.

GUEST:
SIR JOHN C. W. REITH,
Director-General of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

CHAIRMAN: THE REV. HERBERT DUNNICO, J.P.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1st, at 12.45 for 1 p.m.
NORTHUMBERLAND ROOMS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE

TICKETS (Non-Members) 4/-
Apply HON. SEC., 6, PHENE STREET, CHELSEA, S.W.3.

BOWES & BOWES

Please send for
Catalogue 465: Books in new condition at reduced prices.
(Just Ready.)
CAMBRIDGE. ENGLAND.

ART PHOTOGRAPHS

Exclusive Life Camera Studies of all types and ages for Artists, Sculptors, Designers and Art Lovers.
Specimens and Lists: 2/-, 5/-, 10/-, 20/- and 60/-
25 Miniatures 1/-, 129 for 3.6. Originals supplied.
S. T. LEON CO., 62 DALE STREET, LIVERPOOL

COMPANY MEETING

THE UNDERGROUND

LORD ASHFIELD'S ADDRESS

The Annual General Meetings of the Metropolitan District Railway Company, London Electric Railway Company, City and South London Railway Company, Central London Railway Company, London General Omnibus Co., Ltd., Metropolitan Electric Tramways, Ltd., London United Tramways, Ltd., South Metropolitan Electric Tramways and Lighting Co., Ltd., London and Suburban Traction Co., Ltd., and Underground Electric Railways Company of London, Ltd., were held on Thursday, 23rd February, at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Ashfield, in the course of his speech, said:

From a business point of view 1932 has been a bad year. The decline in traffic, which first became pronounced at the close of the holiday period of 1931, steadily deepened. The causes are well enough known, and they need no comment from me.

The number of passengers carried in the year was: By railways, 379,000,000; by omnibuses, 1,650,000,000; by tramways, 207,000,000; or altogether, 2,236,000,000 passengers; with which is to be compared the 2,283,000,000 passengers carried in 1931, a decrease of 47,000,000, or 2 per cent.

We have carefully examined our traffics to see where our losses were occurring, and there is little doubt that the traffic most affected has been the casual or pleasure traffic. The summer season was short and the volume of traffic moderate. After August Bank Holiday there was a patent and prejudicial drop in volume which continued right through August and September. The traffic on Saturdays and Sundays has ceased to be as heavy as it was. The rate of decline on these days is fifty per cent. more than on ordinary week-days, and is due to a lack of spending power, to the absence of a margin of earnings over the needs of the family. In recent years the suburbs have tended to become self-contained. Then the motor car has grown to be an important feature in passenger transport, and there are now well over 200,000 private cars registered in the London Traffic Area.

The country excursion traffic, which was originally developed by the omnibus, has now largely transferred its patronage to the coach. Coaches run with fares as cheap as those of the omnibuses. Our Green Line and subsidiary coach companies carried in the year 1932 sixteen millions of passengers, at an average fare of 1s. The other side of the picture is shown by the fact that we have lost 28 per cent. of the traffic, at fares over 6d., which we carried on our omnibuses in the year 1931.

The Chairman then dealt with the economies effected and the increased facilities afforded to the public by the extensions to South Harrow and Arnos Grove. Continuing he said:—

The Cuts in Wages

When I spoke to you last year I told you of the negotiations with the Trade Unions who represent our employees on the subject of wages. And here let me say that we regard reductions in wages, though undesirable in themselves, as the final inescapable remedy for an unbalanced position between income and expenses. We have always prided ourselves upon being good employers, affording our staffs such favourable conditions of employment as the provision of facilities to cover the long traffic day of 18 hours or more allowed, and such wages as would, by their liberality, attract the best type of employee. When cuts in pay were being made in other trades and industries we were compelled to attempt to adjust our rates of pay. We did it with reluctance, but I am now glad to report that negotiations were brought to a conclusion which, either in meal or malt, has afforded us an opportunity of securing the reduction of costs which we were seeking as the equitable share of the staff in meeting the current losses. I need scarcely assure you that we anxiously and carefully considered these various agreements to satisfy ourselves that they were equitable. We have tried to discharge our task with scrupulous fairness, but whether we have done so or not is for others to judge.

The Burden of Taxation

Altogether our Omnibus and Coach Companies have paid during the year in licensed vehicle duties and in petrol tax no less a sum than £1,715,000, equivalent to 1.85d. for each mile run. Much is being said about the propriety of motor road vehicles bearing their fair share of the cost of roads, but I can safely challenge anyone to prove that the proper share of the cost of the roads used by our motor omnibuses and coaches is as high as 1.85d. per mile.

Results of the Year—Common Fund Companies

The Directors are able to recommend to you the payment of final dividends on the basis of a further 1½ per cent. in respect of the four Railway Companies and of 2¼ per cent., free of tax, in respect of the London General Omnibus Company, making the total dividends on the railways for the year 3 per cent., subject to certain adjustments as between the Preferred, Deferred, and Undivided Ordinary stocks of the Central London Railway Company, and 4½ per cent., free of tax, in respect of the London General Omnibus Company.

London and Suburban Traction Group

The results of the Metropolitan Electric Tramways and the London United Tramways have not appreciably improved. It is impossible to pay any dividends on the Preference and Ordinary shares of these two Companies.

The South Metropolitan Electric Tramways and Lighting Company is to pay a dividend of 6 per cent. upon the Cumulative Preference shares and a dividend of 5 per cent. upon the Ordinary shares, as in the preceding year.

The Tramways (M.E.T.) Omnibus Company's reserve fund has been adjusted and a dividend of 7 per cent. upon the Cumulative Preference shares and a dividend at the rate of 2s. per share on the Ordinary Shares has been declared as in 1931.

The London and Suburban Traction Company, dependent as it is for its major source of income upon its investments in Tramways, is not in a happy position. The net income was slightly less than the income of a year ago.

Associated Equipment Company

Its total sales in 1932 decreased by 40 per cent. This decrease is mainly due to the general paralysis which has affected the motor industry since the publication of the "Salter" Report. This Report with its threat of a seriously increased burden of taxation, as well as its policy of licensing and restriction, has caused our customers to curtail or abandon many of their schemes for renewal and expansion. Until the Government have disclosed their policy with regard to the "Salter" Report the uncertainty will continue.

The Company is paying a dividend of 7½ per cent., free of tax, for the year, compared with 10 per cent., free of tax, in 1931.

Results of the Year—Underground Company

Adding the amount brought forward from 1931, namely, £369,084, there is a final sum available for distribution of £821,330. Your Directors propose to apply this as to £10,520 towards writing off the discount on debenture stocks, etc.; to paying a final dividend of 2½ per cent. upon the ordinary shares, making altogether 4½ per cent. for the year. The dividend of 4½ per cent. compares with 7 per cent. for the preceding year.

So much for the accounts of our group of companies, and I will now refer to one or two matters of general interest to you.

London Passenger Transport Bill

The London Passenger Transport Bill has now completed all its stages in the House of Commons. No amendment has been introduced into the Bill that in any way impairs the settlement which, on your behalf, I reached with the Minister of Transport and which you confirmed at meetings held on May 1st, 1931.

I am convinced that the London Passenger Transport Bill offers the best present solution of London's traffic problems. I hope, therefore, that it will speedily complete its passage through Parliament.

When, at the close of 1919, I first appeared before you, the capital invested in these undertakings was £48,000,000. In 1932 it had increased to £80,000,000, and I must accept my share of the responsibility for this large increase. Of this total roundly £26,000,000 has been expended on railway extensions and betterments alone. To finance this expenditure we raised in the first place some £12½ millions of 4½ per cent. Debenture Stock, which was guaranteed by H.M. Government both as to principal and interest under the powers of the Trade Facilities Acts. Subsequently, we received further assistance under the Development (Loan Guarantees and Grants) Act, by way of grants towards meeting the interest on more than £11,000,000 of new capital, which has been raised in the form of 5 per cent. Debenture Stock, to finance the schemes of railway development which are now approaching completion. In this case, the Government's assistance took the form of annual grants, of which the net effect is that approximately one-half of the interest on the new Debenture Stocks which were issued in 1930 and 1931 will be covered until 1946, after which the full burden of interest will have to be borne by these undertakings. We have only been able to supply these valuable additional facilities for the London travelling public since the War by the aid of such Government guarantees and subsidies, but I dare not assume that London's passenger transport services will for ever be subsidised by the general taxpayer.

In 1919, the number of passengers carried was 1,376 millions. In 1930, before the depression, it had risen to 2,311 millions, or by 68 per cent. As our capital has increased, your undertakings have secured a proportionate increase in the volume of traffic. Meanwhile our expenses relative to the traffic have steadily diminished, and the ultimate result has been a larger net profit. In 1919, the car miles run by the various undertakings amounted to 160 millions. In 1932 they amounted to 293 millions, an increase of 83 per cent. No one, I think, can compare the services which we give to the public to-day with the services which we gave in 1919 without realising that they are more liberal, more comfortable, more convenient and more efficient. The average dividends paid upon the ordinary shares of the Common Fund Companies in 1919 was 2.39 per cent. In 1928 it reached 5.69 per cent., which was maintained until 1930. In 1931 it fell to 5.10 per cent., and in 1932 to 3.42 per cent.

You may expect a final word from me about the future. I have already expressed my belief that the time must come when the present decline in traffic will cease, and when increases will once more be renewed. London increased its population by some 60,000 people last year, and seems to be drawing to itself more people annually. This increase of population must ultimately affect the prosperity of undertakings whose business it is to move that population. With better times, which must come sooner or later, the turn in our affairs must also come, and with that turn our prosperity should be gradually restored. I therefore see no reason for taking a pessimistic view.

Finally, on behalf of my colleagues and myself, as well as on yours, I thank our officers and staff for their eager and untiring service, whether times were good or whether times were ill. We have been fortunate in carrying on the work of this group of undertakings as though we were almost a family. We are still in close enough contact to be able to discuss all and every question that may arise between us, and settle them in a friendly and conciliatory fashion.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted by the proprietors of the several companies.

THE charge for Classified Advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advt. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2. (Hol. 3217.)

TRAINING CENTRES

EAST LONDON COLLEGE (University of London E.1).—UNIVERSITY COURSES IN ARTS, SCIENCE, MEDICINE, AND ENGINEERING (Civil, Mechanical and Electrical). Fee £22 10s. a year. Residential Halls for Men and for Women Students. Prospectus post free. —E. J. WIGNALL, Registrar.

HOME CIVIL, I.C.S., CONSULAR, F.O. 144 Successes, 1925-1932. DAVIES'S, 5 Sussex Place, W.2. Pad. 3351/2. VACATION COURSES FROM MARCH 29TH.

THE SCHOOL, DARTINGTON HALL, TOTNES, SOUTH DEVON. A department for the training of teachers in Nursery School, Kindergarten, and Junior School methods was opened in September. Special attention is paid to the contributions of the newer schools of psychology and to the utilisation for education of rural life and industries. There will also be short courses for parents, school matrons, and others interested. Further particulars on application.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal, Miss STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years, and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees £165 per annum. For prospectus, apply SECRETARY.

THE BEDFORD TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14 The Crescent, Bedford. Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: Miss MARGARET SPENCER. Students are prepared for the examinations of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence £94 10s. to £100 16s. Fees without residence £31 10s. —For particulars apply SECRETARY.

SCHOLARSHIPS

BRYANSTON SCHOOL, BLANDFORD, DORSET. In addition to the THREE ANNUAL SCHOLARSHIPS of £100, £80 and £60, TWELVE BURSARIES of £70 are offered (tenable for four years). The examination and interview will be held at Bryanston on May 29th and 30th, 1933. Candidates must be under 14 on June 1st. The Bursaries are offered to boys, of general ability and promise, who do not reach scholarship standard.

Bryanston is a modern public boarding school of 200 boys, which combines the best of the new educational ideals with the best of the old public school tradition. The school fees are £168 p.a. *including* essential extras. Particulars from the HEADMASTER.

BEDALES SCHOOL, PETERSFIELD. (Co-educational.)
Scholarship examinations Wed., 22nd March.
Wed., 31st May.
6-10 Scholarships offered annually (value £40-£80 each p.a.), including some for Arts and Music. Apply, Headmaster, J. H. Badley.

SCHOOLS

THE GARDEN SCHOOL, WYCOMBE COURT, LANE END, BUCKS. Boarding School for Girls (ages 4-18) in lovely part of Chiltern Hills, 61 acres, 550ft. above sea level. Sound education on free, individual lines, with scope for initiative and creative self-expression in all subjects including arts, crafts, music, dancing, eurhythmics. Aims at developing harmonised cultured personalities with a wide outlook on life and a high ideal of social usefulness. Fees £105-£165 per annum. Bursaries granted in suitable cases.

KESWICK SCHOOL. English Lakes. For boys and girls from 8 to 19. Max. Incl. fee, £82. Scholarship examination in May. Apply HEADMASTER.

PINEWOOD, Crowborough, Sussex. On borders of Ashdown Forest. Progressive home school for boys and girls. Individual education. Apply PRINCIPALS.

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress:* Miss CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge, late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of the School is to develop the character, intellect and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music or Art. Fees, inclusive of Elocution, Dancing, Cookery, 200 guineas a year. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea-level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

DR. WILLIAMS' SCHOOL, DOLGELLEY, NORTH WALES.
RECOGNISED BY BOARD OF EDUCATION
HEADMISTRESS:
Miss E. CONSTANCE NIGHTINGALE, M.A.
Endowed School. Moderate inclusive fee for board, tuition and books. Individual attention. Special attention to health and diet. Three leaving Scholarships tenable any University.

CHARLTON MARSHALL HOUSE (Nr.) Blandford, Dorset. Progressive preparatory school for boys. Beautiful grounds of 45 acres. Outdoor life. Boys with parents abroad specially cared for. Froebel certificated mistress for juniors. Reduced fees. Headmasters: R. A. L. Everett, M.A., Hons. Nat. Sci. Camb. (Jesus): H. E. Wood, B.A., Hons. Class. Camb. (King's).

BEACON Hill School, Harting, Petersfield. Founded by Bertrand and Dora Russell. Co-educational. Applies modern knowledge to diet, teaching methods and psychology. Address inquiries DORA RUSSELL.

SCHOOLS—continued

BADMINTON SCHOOL (Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol) A PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
Visitor: The Right Hon. the Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., M.A., D.C.I., LL.D. *President of the Board of Governors:* Gilbert Murray, Esq., LL.D., D.Litt. F.B.A. *Vice-Presidents:* Ernest Barker, Esq., Litt.D., D.Litt., Hon. LL.D.; Miss E. H. Major, C.B.E., M.A. *Chairman:* J. Odery Symes, Esq., M.D. *Head Mistress:* Miss B. M. Baker, B.A.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply Mrs. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (Recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education at moderate fees for boys and girls to 19 years in an open air atmosphere where health of body and mind is regarded as the necessary foundation for education. Headmaster:—H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

KING ARTHUR'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.—Apply Miss WALKERDINE, B.A., Courtfield Gardens, S.W.5.

CHELSEA OPEN AIR NURSERY SCHOOL, 51 Glebe Place, Chelsea.
Vacancies for summer term, April 24th, for children 2 to 5 yrs. of age.—Hours of school, 9.30—3.45 p.m. Fee £7 7s., inclusive. Application to be made to the Secretary, Mrs. Ernest Davies.

THE FALLEN INCOME

A NEW PLAN
FOR A NEW PROBLEM

Many Private Incomes—perhaps yours—have been reduced to a 3½% basis. Instead of resigning yourself and your family to 'economies' which definitely lower your accustomed standard of living, increase your income in this safe and simple way. A new plan issued by the Sun Life of Canada, the world's leading Annuity Company, gives you a larger income now, guaranteed for the rest of your life, and looks after the financial welfare of your dependents afterwards. Thus two vital financial problems are solved by the arrangement.

INCREASED INCOME
NOW

with a Substantial Cash Amount later for dependents

This Plan provides a guaranteed income for life up to (according to age) 7% *on the whole of sum invested*, with the further guarantee of a substantial capital sum for one's family afterwards.

A retired Doctor, aged 59, has just sold his greatly depreciated stocks and shares and invested the money in the above Plan. Instead of an income of £245 from those investments, he now receives a guaranteed income of £429 a year for life, and his sister (who is dependent upon him) will receive from the Company, at his death, a guaranteed sum of £3,000.

If you will let us know your age and the amount of Capital at your disposal, we will send exact figures accordingly, without obligation to you. The Capital invested may be to any amount above £200.

Of H. O. LEACH (General Manager),

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA

(Incorporated in Canada in 1865 as a Limited Company)

10, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY SYSTEM.

Applications are invited for the post of EDITOR OF THE UNION CATALOGUE. The salary will be from £200–£300 per annum, according to the qualifications of the person appointed, who must have sound cataloguing experience and be a proficient typist. It is expected that the appointment will be for eighteen months at least. Applications, to be accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, must reach the HON. SECRETARY, Northern Regional Library Bureau, Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, not later than March 6th.

A GOOD post in Herts, 20 miles from London, for a Home Help (aged 25–35), competent to take charge, out of school hours, of two boys, aged 6 and 8, and help in housework. Must be fond of children and not old-fashioned in her methods of dealing with them, non-religious and preferably a Socialist. Liberal wages and plenty of free time.—Box 295, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St, W.C.2.

LADY, University education, fluent French and German, expert shorthand typist, intellectual interests, desires situation.—Box 296, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

LADY (43), Literary tastes, Linguist, Typist, good Cook, Dressmaker, seeks work. Would travel.—Box 294, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING

REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING. Technical MSS. and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. Tel.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS., PLAYS, etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—Mrs. BROOKER, 37, Belmont Road, St. Andrew's Park, Bristol.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, ETC.
Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed.
ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked.
Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent.
PROMPT SERVICE BUREAU, LIMITED.
6 Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3163/4.)

TYPEWRITING undertaken by expert. Also secretarial work, with own machine. Promptness, accuracy, finish. DIGBY, 29 King Street, Twickenham. Pope's Grove, 3210.

LITERARY

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (191A) Palace Gate, W.8.

TRAVEL, HOTELS, &c.

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Comfort, refinement. Bedroom and Breakfast 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet "London Old and New" on application.

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1, St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. 6d. day, or 30s. weekly. With dinner 6s. 6d., or 2 guineas weekly.

THE LLANDUDNO HYDRO.
The Ideal Centre for Lovely Wales.

PERFECT cuisine. Reasonable tariff. H. & C. water in every bedroom. Separate Russian, Turkish, Medicinal and Plunge Baths for Ladies and Gents. Tennis, Dancing, Billiards. Excellent garage.
SPECIAL WINTER TERMS.
Apply THE HYDRO. *Tel.:* 6234 & 6235.

TORQUAY. Howden Court Private Hotel. Quiet but central situation. Overlooking sea. South aspect. Sun room and secluded garden. H. and C. water in bedrooms. A.A. appointed. Telephone 2807.

BOURNEMOUTH'S FOOD REFORM GUEST HOUSE, Loughtonhurst, West Cliff Gdns. Everything for a restful and happy holiday. From 49s. to 70s. P.W. Write to Manager for Prospectus.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Walsall House Private Hotel, West Cliff. Excellent cuisine and service, quiet situation. Sea 3 minutes. 'Phone 1926.—Miss L. STANLEY.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Warm, sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Central heating, log fires. H. and c. water all bedrooms. Telephone 126.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

VERY fine and convenient maisonette, self-contd., 1 min. S. Kensington Stn., to be let furnished, 4-6 months from March 15, to an exceptional tenant (no children or animals), 3 bed, 2 rec., b.r., kitchen, six guineas.—Box 298, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

LARGE attractive room, use kitchen, furnished or unfurnished, private telephone if required; from 21s. Quiet. 22, Belsize Avenue, N.W.3.

LARGE attractive room (unfurnished or furnished), in home of University woman in residential square, W.C.1., c.h.w., use of kitchen, service, £85 p.a. inclus. —Box 297, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

SOUTHAMPTON. Wanted. Unfurnished bachelor flat: bedroom, sitting-room, kitchenette and bathroom. Write ALAN PROCKTOR, c/o Town Clerk's Dept., Southampton.